TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLIX. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1881. NO. 17

Poetry.

For the Blade.

SAID HE.

BY N. A. SONARS.

They live and move,
I need not prove,
Who live for self alone,—
The form of man
Without the plan;—
Just why, it is not shown.
I would not be
A klag, said he,
Like this, upon his throne.

No wild desire,
No heart of fire
Responsive to his own;
No pulse to throb,
No lips to rob
Of sweets, to him unknown.
I would not be
A King, said he,
Like this, upon his throne.

No Heav'nward lifts,
No squandered gifts;—
No wild oats yet unsown.
No hurts to heal,
No pangs to feel,
No lost loves to bemoan.
I would not be
A King, said he,
Like this, upon his throne.

No curb to might,—
No wrong, no right,—
No Tempter to disown.
No Heav'n o'erhead,
No trust;—no bread
Upon the waters strown.
I would not be
A King, said he,
Like this, upon his throne.

No common good,
No brotherhood
Of man to man, to own;
No friendly grasp,
No childish clasp;—
No harvest love has sown,
would not be
A King, saide,
Like this, upon his throne.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

BY JOHN M'ELROY.

CHAPTER V.

The nobler nature within him stirred,
To life, at that woman's deed and word.
—*Whittier.*

Deeper emotions than he had felt before in all his life of shallow aimlessness stirred Harry Glen's bosom as he turned away from the door which Rachel Bond had closed behind him with a decisive promptness that chorded well with her resolute calmness during the interview.

This blow fell much more heavily than any that had preceded it, because it descended from the towering hight to which he had raised his expectations of an ardent greeting from the girl who loved him, and was eagerly watching for his return. As was to be expected from one of his nature, he forgot utterly his ruminations upon the advisability of discarding her, and the difficulty he experienced in devising a plan whereby this could be done easily and gracefully. He only thought of himself as the blameless victim of a heartless woman's fickleness. The bitter things he had read and heard of the sex's inconstancy rose in his mind, as acrid bile sometimes ascends one's throat.

"Here," he said to himself, "is an instance of feminine perfidy equal to anything ever recorded. This girl, who was so proud to receive my attentions a little while ago, and who so gladly accepted me for her promised husband, is now the first to turn away from me at the slightest cloud of disapproval falling upon me. And to think, too, that I have given her all my heart, and the first real, intense love I have ever given a woman."

He was sure that he had been so badly ill-used as to have ample grounds for turning misanthrope and woman-hater. Such thin natures are like light wines and weak sirups in the readiness with which they turn sour.

The moon had risen as it had on the eventful night of his betrothal, three months before. Again the stars had sunk from sight in a sea of silver splendor welling from the round, full orb. Again the roadway down the hill lay like a web of fine linen bleaching upon a green meadow. Again the clear spring waters of the Great Miami rippled in softly merry music over the white limestone of their shallow bed, and the river wound through the pleasant green valley, with its frame of gently rising hillsides like a great silver ribbon decorating a mass of heavily embroidered, dark green velvet. Again Sardis lay at the foot of the hills, its coarse and commonplace outlines softened into glorious symmetry by the moonlight's wonderful witchery. He glanced at the old apple tree under which they had stood when

Their spirits rushed together at the meeting of their lips,

but its raiment of odorous blossoms was gone. Instead it bore a load of shapeless, sour, unripened fruit. Instead of the freshly springing grass at its foot was now a coarse stubble. Instead of the delicately sweet breath of violets and fruit blooms scenting the moist evening air, as before, came the heavy, persistent perfume of tube roses, and the mawkish scent of gaudy poppies.

"Bah! it smells like a funeral," he said, as he turned away and walked slowly down the hill. "And it is one. My heart and all my hopes lie buried at the foot of that old apple tree."

It has been suggested that much of the sympathy that we lavish upon martyrs is wasted, because to many, if not all minds, there is positive pleasure in being considered a martyr. There is no doubt much more truth in this than appears possible at the first blush. There are few people who do not roll under their tongues as a sweet morsel the belief that their superior goodness or merits has brought them affliction and trouble from envious and wicked inferiors.

Harry Glen was of the disposition to take a comfort amounting almost to delight out of the fact of martyrdom. The honey that mingled with the gall and hyssop of his humiliation was the martyr feeling that his holiest affections had been ruthlessly trampled upon by a cold-hearted and mercenary woman, and his desultory readings of Byron now furnished his imagination with all the suits and trappings necessary to trick himself out a melancholy hero.

He walked slowly on down the hill, chewing this cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and, entering the Town, proceeded toward his home. He had to pass on his way the principal hotel in the place, the front of which on Summer evenings was the Sardis forum for the discussion of National politics and local gossip. As Harry approached quietly along the grassy walk, he overheard his own name being used. He stept back into the shadow of a large maple and listened.

"Yes, I seen him as he got off the train," said Nels Hathaway, big, fat, lazy, and the most inveterate male gossip in the Village. "And he is looking mighty well—yes, *mighty* well. I said to Tim Botkins, here, 'what a wonderful constitution Harry Glen has, to stand the hardships of the field so well.'"

The sarcasm was so evident in this that Harry's blood seethed. The Tim Botkins alluded to had been dubbed by Basil Wurmood, the cynic and wit of Sardis, "apt appreciation's artful aid." Red-haired, soft eyed, moon faced, round of belly, and lymphatic of temperament, his principal occupation in life was to play the second fiddle in the Sardis string band, and in the intervals of professional engagements at picnics and dances, to fill one of the large, split bottomed chairs of the hotel bar room with his pulpy form, and receive the smart and bitter sayings of the Sardis loungers with a laugh that began before any one else's, and lasted after all the others had finished. His laugh alone was as good as that of a whole crowd. It was not a hearty, resonant laugh, it is true, like that you hear from the mouth of a strong-lunged, wholesome-natured man, which has the mellow rounded strength of a solo on a French horn. It was a slovenly, greasy, convic'ionless laugh, with uncertain tones and ill-defined edges. Its effect was principally due to its volume, readiness, symptoms and long continuance. Swellings up of the puffy form, and reddening ripples of the broad face heralded it; it began with a contagious cackle, it deepened into a flabby guffaw, and after all those around had finished their cachinnatory tribute, it wound up with what was between a roar and a flattening of the lazy "drone" of a bagpipe.

It now rewarded Nels Hathaway's irony and the rest of the loungers joined in with it. Encouraged by it, Nels said, as its last echos died away:

"Yes; he's just as spry and peart as anybody. He seems to have recovered entirely from all of his wounds; none of 'em have disfigered him any; and his nerves have got over their terrible strain."

Tim promptly ran through all the notes in his dispason, and the others joined in on the middle register.

"Well, I am not at all surprised," said Mr. Oldunker, a State's Rights Democrat, and the oracle of his party. "I told you how it'd be from the first. Harry Glen was one of them Wide-awakes who marched around on the pleasant evenings last Fall with an oil cloth cape and a coal oil lamp. I told you those fellows 'd be nowhere when the war they were trying to bring on came. I'm not astonished that he showed himself lly livered when he found the people that he was willing to rob of their property standing ready to fight for their homes and their slaves."

Tim came in promptly with his risible symphony.

"Ready to shoot into a crowd of unsuspecting men, you mean," said Basil Wormood, sneeringly, "and break their own cursed necks running away, as soon as they saw a little cold steel coming into their neighborhood."

Tim's laugh was allegro and crescendo at the first, and staccato and *FFF.* at the last.

"Well, they didn't run away from any cold steel that Harry Glen displayed," sneered Oldunker.

Tim did not suffer the occasion to pass unimproved.

"You seem to forget that Capt. Bob Burton was a Wide-awake, too," retorted Wormood. "Though you might have remembered it from his threatening to lick you last Fall for encouraging the boys to stone the torches in the procession."

Tim cackled, gurgled and roared.

Nels Hathaway had kept silent as long as he could. He must put his oar into the conversational tide.

"I'd give six bits," he said, "to know how the meeting between him and Rachel Bond passes off. He's gone up there. The boys seen him, all dress up in his best. But his finery, and his perfumed hankerchiefs won't count any thing with her. She comes of fighting stock if ever a woman did. The Bonds and Harringtons—her mother's people—as were game breeds, both of them, and stood right on their record, all the time. She'll have precious little traffic with a white feathered fellow. I think she has been preparing for him the coldest shoulder any young feller in Sardis's got for many a long day."

There was nothing very funny in this speech, but a good deal of risible matter had accumulated in Tim's diaphragm during its delivery, and he had to get rid of it, which he did.

Harry had heard enough. While the laugh yet resounded he walked away unnoticed, and taking a roundabout course gained his room. For a week he remained there, hardly coming down to his meals. It was a terrible week to him, for during it he walked contin ually through the valley of humiliation, and drank the bitter waters of shame. The joints of his armor to impenetrable armor of self conceit had been so pierced and severed by the fine rapier thrusts of Rachel's scorn that it fell from him under the coarse pounding of the Village loungers, and left him naked and defenseless to their blows. Every nerve and sense ached with pain. He now felt all of his father's humiliation, his mother's querulous sorrow, his betrothed's anguish and abasement. His self-sufficiency had dropt from him like a garment, and left him exposed to the well deserved scorn of the lowest among those whom he had formerly despised.

Thoughts of suicide, and of flying to some part of the country where he would be utterly unknown, crowded in upon him, continually. But with that perversity which nature seemingly delights in, there had risen in his heart since he had lost Rachel such a consuming love for her that he felt life would be valueless without her, or even without her esteem. To go into an unknown part of the country and begin a new life there would be to surrender her up forever, and this he could not do. To die demonstrating that he was in some degree worthy of her, would be much preferable. And a latent, manly pride awakened and came to his assistance. He could not be the son of his proud, iron-willed father, without having some transmission of that sire's courageous qualities. He formed his resolution: He would remain in Sardis, and recover his honor where he had lost it.

At the end of a week he heard the drums beat, and the cannon fire, and the people cheer, as the company came home, and marched proudly down the street, welcomed with as much enthusiasm as if its members had been bronzed veterans, returning victorious from a terrible campaign that had lasted for years.

His mother told him the next day that the company had decided to re-enlist for three years or during the war, and that a meeting would be held in the evening to carry that intention into execution. When the evening came Harry walked into the Town Hall, drest as carefully as he had prepared himself for his visit to Rachel. He found the whole company assembled there, the members smoking, chatting with their friends, and recounting to admiring hearers the events of the wonderful experience they had gone through. The enlistment papers for three years were being prepared, and some of the men who had not been examined during the day were undergoing the Surgeon's inspection in an adjoining room

Harry was received rather coldly by everybody, and winced a little under the neglect that he suffered from while all the rest of the company were the objects of admiring attention. At last the papers and rolls all seemed to be signed, and a lull came in the proceedings. Harry rose from his seat, as if to address the gathering. Instantly all was silence and attention.

"Comrades," he said, in a firm, even voice, "I have come to say to you that I feel that I made a mistake during our former term of service, and I want to apologize to you for my conduct then. More than this, I want to redeem myself. I want to go with you again, and have another chance—"

He was interrupted by an enthusiastic shout from them all.

"Hurrah! Bully for Lieut. Glen! Of course we'll give you another show! Come right along in your old place!"

There was but one dissenting voice. It was Jake Alspaugh's

"No, I'll be durned if we want ye along any more. We've no place for sich fellers with us. We want only chaps that we are sure hev sand in their craw."

But Jake's protest was overslaughed in the multitude of assents. At the first interval of silence Harry said:

"No, comrades, I'll not accept a commission again, until I am sure I can do it credit. I'll enlist in the company on the same footing as the rest of you. Give the Lieutenantcy to our gallant comrade Alspaugh, who has earned it."

The suggestion was received with another enthusiastic shout, and Harry, going up to the desk, filled out an enlistment blank, signed the roll, and retired with the Surgeon for the physical examination. He then slipt out unnoticed, and went to his home. On his way thither he saw Rachel as she passed a brilliantly lighted store window. She was in traveling costume, and seemed to be going to the depot. She turned her head slightly, saw him, and bowed a formal recognition. Their eyes met for an instant, and he saw there enough to make him believe that what he had done had met her approval.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT ROMANOFFS.

The Ruling House of Russia Belongs to the Oldenburg Family.

Exchange.

Although the late and the present Czars are spoken of generally as belonging to the Romanoff dynasty, such is not, strictly speaking, the case. Alexander II. was, in fact, the head of one of the junior branches of the Oldenburg or Holstein family. He was, strictly speaking, no more a Romanoff than Queen Victoria is a Stuart. The male line of the Romanoffs ended with the Czar Peter II. in 1627. The females became extinct with the Empress Elizabeth in 1761. Her elder sister had married Charles Frederic, Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, and their son, the worthless Peter III., succeeded Elizabeth, and was the first Czar of the new line of Oldenburg. His wife Catharine of Anhalt, succeeded him, and became the great Czarine Catharine II. Their own legitimate issue was the Czar Paul, who was murdered in 1801. He was father of the Czar Alexander I. and Nicholas I., and grandfather of the late Czar and his numerous brothers.

The family of the Scandinavian Rurik, after ruling over the Russians for more than 700 years, became extinct in its principal line in 1597. The last Czar of that race was Theodore, son of Ivan the Terrible. During the troublesome times that followed his death, the numerous junior branches of the line of Rurik were passed over, and in 1613 Michael Romanow was elected Czar by the boyards and prelates. From him descended all the Czars until 1727–1761, when the line entirely failed. The Romanows, or Romanoffs, were old Moscow boyards, and, with several other Russians, powerful families, claimed descent from Andrew Kabyla, a chief of the 13 century.

Among them were the Scheremetews, the Bourtelines, the Sabourows, the Pleschiews, the Kalitchews, the Saltikows, and other still extant Russian noble houses. None of them attained the rank of Princes, but they were mostly inscribed in the Golden or Velvet Book by Ivan III. The Russian Princes descended from Rurik still number more than 40 families. Among them are the Gortchakows, Bariatinskis, Dolgoroukis, Kozloxskis and Krapotkintes. After them come the seven Princely families still extant of the race of Guedemine, and kin to the Jagellom Kings of Poland. Then follow the Princes of foreign extraction—Georgian, Circassian and Tartar by descent—some eight families and after these about 15 Princely families in the Velvet Book since the ascent of Peter the Great, beginning with the Menschikows (or Menschikoffs) and ending with the Orloffs, raised to the rank of Princes in 1839. The Russian Counts Barons and untitled boyards make up the rest of the Russian nobles.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

A Voluptuary Turns Bravo and Soldier.

Paris Correspondent New Orleans Picayune.

The Baron de San Malata is a Sicilian. He was born master of an immense fortune. He had but one thought—to enjoy it. There was no palace in Palermo like his; the staterooms and chambers were crammed with works of art; 10 horses were in his stables, which were paved with marble, had cribs and mangers of solid silver, and every bucket of the best English crystal with silver handles. His cook, his larder, and his wine vault were the best in Palermo. He kept open house; the ladies of Palermo never crossed his threshold, but his dining-room and drawing rooms were full of the greatest beauties of the by world of that Sicilian city; and if the public did not share his admiration of the prima donna or leading danseuse then in favor, he would buy every seat and fill the house with his partisans. There was every night high play in his mansion, he being backed against all the players. One day he asked as usual for money. The answer he got was: "There is none. There is not one cent left. You have spent all, capital as well as revenue." The reply staggered him. Bed and board were to be found, nevertheless. How? After he had sold horses, carriages, and other personal property, he found he was master of $1,250. He determined to spend only $20 a month, quitted Palermo, buried himself in an obscure, cheap Indian village of the Peninsula, and for day and night worked hard with his fencing foils. He had always been passionately fond of fencing. His father had been one of the most adroit swordsmen of the day, and this father had taught him all the father knew. He has fought 40 duels. He has been wounded 22 times on the battle field, for he has been in every Italian war since 1848, and in each battle has hastened to the foremost rank to court danger as the wrestler who would best try his mettle. In none of these 40 duels was he the aggressor or the challenger.

Mrs. Blaine and the Democratic "Senatress."

Denver (Col.) Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Blaine had been some years in Washington before Mrs. ——, wife of a Democratic Senator, called on her. At last Mrs. —— was announced one day. As Mrs. Blaine entered her drawing room to receive her guest, she noticed the colored cook slip out hurriedly from the reception room, where Mrs. —— was waiting. This surprised her, but she said nothing. Next day, however, her valuable cook left her to find a place in Mrs. ——'s kitchen. At a state dinner soon afterwards given at the Executive Mansion, these ladies chanced to be placed with only a seat between them at table. The gentleman sitting between them noticing that Mrs. Blaine did not address a word of conversation to his other neighbor, exclaimed: "Why, Mrs. Blaine, you know Mrs. Sen. ——, do you not?" "No," was the answer, loud enough for all to hear, "Mrs. Blank called the other day at my house on my cook, and her card was handed to me by mistake. My cook returned the call."

DEPARTING TIME.

BY SADIE E. OWEN.

One by one the sands are dropping,
One by one the moments fly,
One by one the years are rolling—
Years that lead us to the sky.

One by one the hours are waning,
One by one the months roll by;
One by one, here lives departing,
Are renewing upon High.

Oh! the glorious, rapturous meeting,
With the saints in heaven above,
And the happy, joyous greeting,
Joined forever there in love.

One by one we'll join the Savior,
One by one this world we'll leave;
And by thousands sing his praises,
Nevermore the Christ will grieve.

Morris Plains, N. J., March 11, 1881.

JACK'S BOYS.

Jack knew it was no use to fish any longer for the truth in that small pail of curdled milk, and dropped the subject. The fact, as he afterwards discovered, was, that Johnny had put in one lazy man's day's work on the hogs. Feeding them had got to be such a dead weight on his mind he could not sleep more than 15 hours a night for thinking of it; so he "resolved him a resolution," and taking his little bucket one morning, directly after breakfast, he commenced carrying the barley to them. By the most unprecedented exertion he had deposited the entire amount on hand in the pig-pen, and on the road leading to it, by dinner time. Then he ate and slept with a clear conscience, and had nearly a week to do nothing in before his father's return. But this was not the last of his mismanagement with the hogs. Jack bought more barley, and directed him to use it with great moderation. Johnny carried out these directions to the letter. Another week passed; the hogs were doing well; indeed, they were living off the mud in their pen, half of which was barley. And so for another week they did tolerably well, but had to work out of all proportion to the amount of food they got; in fact, their claim was pretty well panned out. The third week they stood on their hind feet, braced up against the top rail of the fence, peering amain, like shipwrecked seamen, for the sight of a sail. But no sail came. Thursday night of the third week arrived, and the spotted hogs were almost in a condition to fly; their bones were hollow, and from the light volatile way their hair stood on end it was evident that it was fast turning to feathers. As the night wore on they became deeply embittered against the ways of civilization, and unanimously agreed to climb the fence and decamp, which they accomplished successfully.

In the morning, when Johnny discovered his loss, he was uneasy. He cogitated many ways of informing Jack, and finally concluded to write him a letter. There was no paper in the house, and, if there had been, there was no ink. He thought with regret of how they had used up all the ink in their negro minstrel performance a few days previous, the traces of which are still visible in their faces.

"Charcoal would a done just as well," he said, "and would a wore off lots quicker; now I'll have to write my letter on a slate."

So he got a miserably jagged, three-cornered piece of what had been one, and bent his gigantic intellect to the effort of composition. Manifold were the forms addressing themselves to his mind as the suitable manner of communicating his bereavement to his father; such as, "Jack, you're horgs is run off;" or, "you'd better come and catch your durn horgs," etc. But he did not like the effect of too brief an announcement. It wound sound like a gun, he thought. Oh, if he could only stretch it out, 'like a pair o' gallusus, that would be bully." Then he got to thinking of how he had unbosomed himself to Jack on the occasion of his first hog catastrophe, and he decided in his mind that the form of expression he then used was particularly felicitous. It conveyed the necessary information without compromising him: "If you want me to feed your durn horgs any more you'll hev to get some barley."

"That's just it," he solliloquized. "Bully for me. I know just I'd orter say."

So he wrote with many smearings and corrections:

"DEER JAK—iF u want Eny o uRe durn beRly fed ule Hev to git Sum moRe HoRgs. uRe nfexn sun Jos."

Having finished this masterpiece he carried it out to the country road, about half a mile away, where he sat down and began to make dirt pies, while waiting for some one to pass with whom he could intrust his letter to his father. He had finished only two or three with scallops, indentations, etc., when he saw a wagon coming.

"Oh, crackey," he said; "there's a lot of misble women in it. I 'spise women worse'n horgs; worse'n *spotted* horgs, too. I'll not send my letter by them, bet your boots."

But when the wagon came alongside it stopped, and a sweet-voiced woman asked:

"Is this the road to 'Squire Lawson's, honey?"

As the boy looked up he saw the face of an angel; and why not?—for a loving mother-heart looked out of gentle blue eyes upon him for the first time in his conscious life, and a tender, musical voice called him "honey."

"Yes," said he; "this is the road, *sure*. I know it is, cos my pap works there, and I've writ him a letter, and please won't you take it to him?"

"What's your papa's name?"

"Jack Trevers."

Here two little girls in the back of the wagon exchanged smiling glances, and looked at Johnny with more interest.

"I'll give it to him," said the lady, reaching for the piece of slate; "your letter'll go safe enough, honey; don't you be uneasy; and I'm much obleeged to you for directin' of us. Good bye."

"Good bye," said Johnny, with a sort of catch at the word, feeling as if he had let a bird go, when a little fore-thought might have detained it. The wagon rattled on, and Johnny stood in the road just where it had left him.

"Durn my luck," he said. "First I lost the barley, and then I lost the horgs, and now I've lost *them*—and they're worth all the rest put together, bet your boots. Durn my luck, durn everything."

Then he looked at his pies, and, kicking them out savagely, went home.

Polly Cramer was a sister to Mr. Lawson, and was now making him her first visit since he had moved to his present abode. Under her green sunbonnet was the kind, lying face about whose smiles Jack had asked himself several questions on the morning of his fight with Cohen. It was now Friday; let us suppose this artful creature (all widows are artful) had two days in which to exercise her enchantments on poor Jack. He went home on Saturday night as happy as a lord. That'll fetch him, sure. See if he don't own up that she beats natur' all holler. Then he'll treat her good, and maybe she'll stay here."

Johnny was prompt to act on this advice, but when he had scrambled up to the speckled hen's nest, a volley of exclamations burst from him.

"Durnd if she ain't been and made a hole in it. She don't think of nothing but her stomach. I wish she hadn't any home forthwith, while the roads were still passable. Lawton and wife opposed. Jack, the sly-boots, opposed. All to no purpose.

"When a woman will she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't she won't, so there's an end on't."

"I think you are very foolish, Polly," her brother said, as she was leaving; "but if the water keeps coming down like this, you had better lay over at Jack Trever's for a day or two."

About eleven o'clock that day, as Jack's boys supposed (their clock was now about two months ahead of time, and gaining rapidly), a small covered wagon drove up to the house, and stopped. Two mangy little ragamuffins filled the door instantly, and the head of a third one thrust itself between the first two, like a huge bobbin of flax sprinkled with gold dust, and strained, and squeezed, and wriggled until it succeeded in dragging out into the light the fat butterball of a boy that owned it. This last was Johnny. His face was one transparent glory, filled with "welcome"; but he spake not yet.

"Howdy, boys," said the widow. "Is the folks at home?"

"*We're* the folks," said Tom.

"Well, now, is that so? Ain't you got no father nor mother to take care of you?"

"We got a father, and he's comin' home to-morrow night. But we ain't got no mother, nor we don't want none."

"Well, boys, it's powerful wet, and I'd like mighty well to stop a spell with you, till the storm is over."

Tom and Willie looked at each other. Here was a live woman coming into the house. What should they do? As is often the case in more momentous questions, Fate decided while they deliberated. Fate on this occasion manifested itself through Johnny. His little face was glowing with cordiality.

"Come right in," he said. "We've got two beds—we boys can sleep in one, and you girls in the other, and Tom can cook bully, bet your boots. I'll get a chair for you to climb down on, and Tom can take your horses to the barn. We've got lots of hay, bet your boots. Now jump out, and run in the house; and Willie, you make up more fire, quick."

He issued his orders with irresistible authority, and in a few minutes all were housed, and a bright fire roared up the chimney. The widow glanced around. Dirt and discomfort everywhere. It looked a hopeless job to renovate.

"Believe if it was mine," she thought, "I'd burn it down, and camp out till I got another."

Tom came in from the barn, and began to make preparations for dinner.

"Never mind, honey," said Polly; "I can cook my own grub. You sit you down."

Tom obeyed and watched her—watched her with growing interest.

"Hanged if ever I saw a feller as handy as she is," he whispered to Johnny.

"Bet your boots," said Johnny.

Polly found the flour and yeast-powder, and made bread. When she first rolled the dough out, after mixing, she spread a thin layer of lard over its surface, and rolled it up again with her hands; then she flattened it out with the rolling-pin, and cut it in shapes. She saw some bacon, and guessed rightfully that it was the only meat in the house. She seemed to be looking for something more.

"There's lots o' taturs under the bed," said Tom.

She peeled some to boil, and, having boiled them, and fried the meat, she smashed the potatoes, and seasoned them with bacon drippings, salt and pepper. The biscuit were baked beautifully, and fell apart on being handled, to the surprise of the ex cook, who could not imagine by what hocus pocus such a result had been produced. There was a panfull of eggs sitting there, and the children wondered if she would cook some of them; but she did not. Dinner was a decided success, and so was supper. In the morning, before breakfast, Johnny pointed out the eggs:

"You can cook just as many of them as you want to," he told her.

"I'm going to make some cake out of 'em, for dinner," said Polly.

"What is Cake," asked Johnny.

The girls looked up at their mother quickly.

"Well, the pore little creetur—Lord love its pretty soul! To think of its never tastin a bit of cake. *I'll* make some for it, honey, and then it'll know."

Rosy May asked him if he ever ate any pudding

"Don't know what it is" said he.

"Did you ever see a pie?"

"I've made lots of 'em, bet your boots."

"What out of?"

"Dirt," said Johnny, triumphantly.

The dimples began to dance around Rosy May's mouth, but she choked them to death at a glance from her mother; but blossom doubled up her little body like a boomerang.

One word about the children's names. The mania for uncommon names is not confined to the *elite*, but pervades all classes. Polly had never read a novel, but when her first baby was born she would not listen to the common names suggested by her family. Having a tender admiration for flowers, her thoughts ran on the name of rose. The baby was born in May. Why not call her Rosy May? She declared her intention timidly at first, but, meeting encouragement from the sentimental young damsels in the neighborhood, she proclaimed it boldly, in defiance of "her folks," who had insisted on Nancy Marian, Sary Jane, Mary Ann, and the like. When, some two years after, baby number two made her appearance, it seemed impossible to find a name for her. "Melindy," "Lucindy," "Elmiry," and many others, were discussed and dismissed. The young mother's taste still ran in the vein of flowers. She had never heard of Lily, Daisy, Pansy, and so on, or she might have made a selection.

"Well," she said to her husband one day, "I'm clean beat out about a name for the pretty thing, and I'm just a goin' to call her Little Blossom till she's old enough to pick out the kind of posey she wants to be called after."

So the baby was called Little Blossom, in utter unconsciousness that the great humanitarian had rendered it immortal in the person of the child-wife.

Saturday night brought Jack, who was greatly surprised to find Polly there, and not any too well pleased, to judge from his greeting. The boys noticed that he was grim and reserved, and they resented it.

"Just to think," said Johnny to the other two, out in the barn, on Sunday morning, "after she made us that cake, and I saved him a hunk of it, too. It's over there in the speckled hen's nest wrapped up so's she won't go for it. I've a great mind to eat it myself, and not give him a bite, when he treats Rosy May and Little Blossom."

"I'd do it," said Will. "He don't deserve any. And give me a piece of it, Johnny."

"Not much, bet your boots, 'nless you'll give back my striped taw you won from me yesterday."

"Here comes Jack," said Tom. "Now, Johnny, you get the cake and give him. That'll fetch him, sure. See if he don't own up that she beats natur' all holler. Then he'll treat her good, and maybe she'll stay here."

Johnny was prompt to act on this advice, but when he had scrambled up to the speckled hen's nest, a volley of exclamations burst from him.

"Durnd if she ain't been and made a hole in it. She don't think of nothing but her stomach. I wish she hadn't any I do. I wish she'd starve to death, bet your boots."

"Has she eat it all, Johnny?" asked Tom.

"No; here's about half of it left."

"Well, that'll do. Bring it down, quick, and give it to him. He's most here."

But what was their surprise when Jack refused the cake, sulkily.

"Eat it yourself," he said.

Johnny ate it, but the tears rolled over his fat cheeks, and he expressed his opinion of Jack at the same time.

"Don't care if I did lose your horgs. You're no better'n a horg yourself. I wish I could lose *you*, bet your boots, durn you. I'd rather have Rosy May and Little Blossom and their ma than a pig-pen full of you. I don't like you, anyhow. I never *did* like you much. I'd a swapped you off any time for Rosy May and Little Blossom and their ma, bet your boots."

Jack took no notice, and the small tempest soon blowed itself out. All the next week it rained incessantly. The children played in the barn a good deal, and that relieved Polly of their presence, and gave her a chance to clean things. It is astonishing the change she wrought in one week. She unearthed dozens of flour sacks from under the beds, and washed them. She made each of the boys a shirt apiece, and two table-cloths, and a change of pillow cases and hand-towels, and dish-towels, all out of this one fruitful mine. She mended and washed the boys' clothes, cut their hair, and made them thoroughly tidy in appearance. Jack came, as usual, on Saturday, and brought a large bundle under his arm; but he was still sulky and disagreeable. The children "prospected" the bundle. It contained muslin, for sheets; ducking, for boys' pants and jumpers; material for shirts and other things. But they were unappeased and ungrateful. They talked about him behind his back, and pitied poor Polly, who could not leave, no matter how much she might desire to do so. It still rained and rained. The bottom had fallen out of the roads. It was impossible to tell how much longer she might have to claim Jack's churlish hospitality. The generous boys not only pitied her, but they began to love her, with reason. Ideas of order and cleanliness were dawning upon them. They did not want to be again submerged in dirt. Everything was so pleasant in the house. The meals were always on time, and always good. Out of simple things, and few, she contrived a variety that delighted them. From dried apples she made roll-pudding, apple dumplings, plain apple pies, and apple-custard; and just so of everything. Willie put his arms around her one day, when no one else was present, and told her he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for her *then*, and her *price* was raising every day.

When Jack came again, churlish and disagreeable as before, the rain was over, and the waters had run down. At break fast, the next morning, Polly said:

"I reckon the roads ain't so bad but what I can get over 'em somehow. I've been here a mighty long time, and I s'pose I'd orter go."

"I s'pose you had," said Jack.

The boys were aghast. They had ceased to think of such a thing. "Oh, don't go," "Don't go," was all they could say. Polly looked at Jack.

"You're right," said he; "I think it's time you left."

Then all the children opened on him, like a pack of hounds.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Tom.

"Leave yourself, if you want anybody to leave," said Willie.

"We can do without you better than we can without Polly," said Tom.

"Just give us a chance to try it," said Willie. And plenty more off the same piece.

But Johnny was the champion who "fit, bled and died" on this memorable occasion. The family had risen from the table, and were moving away, when Jack glanced around just in time to dodge a potato aimed by Johnny, and thrown with such force as to strike the opposite wall and scatter itself all over the room. The young warrior stood on one of his chair rounds, leaning on the table with his left hand, and throwing with the other. Whack, *whack*, went the potatoes, Jack dodging all the time, until Johnny, reaching too far for his ammunition, bore so heavily on the rickety old table that it fell, and he with it. Springing up, with his hair full of peelings and crumbs, he grabbed a fork, and threatened to throw that.

"Help! help!" roared Jack. "I call for a parley. Now, what do you fellers want me to do?"

"We want Polly to stay here," said Johnny, breathless, "and Rosy May, and Little Blossom, too; and we're agoin' to keep 'em, toe—bet your boots."

"Well, now, Johnny, if Polly stays here I'll have to marry her; and then you'll have a step mother to pound you round."

All the boys became conscious of that other fight instantly, and for a moment seemed vanquished. Johnny hung his head, but Tom spoke up like a man.

"Tell ye what it is, Jack, we were cojots then. We didn't know what we wanted. We've got more sense now."

"Well, what do you want *now*? I'll do anything for you in reason.

Tom glanced at Polly. She was sitting on the side of the bed, with her handkerchief before her eyes, crying, he thought. Her shoulders shook with excessive emotion, and the old bedstead trembled like an aspen leaf. The little girls were up behind her, where they had taken refuge during the potato storm. It occurred to Tom now that perhaps it would be necessary to obtain Polly's consent to the marriage, as well as Jack's; so he went and put his arm around her neck and whispered in her ear. Polly's grief was convulsive for a moment.

"Will you do it, Polly? Say yes—just you say yes, Polly; that's all you've got to do."

"Do say yes, Polly," urged the other boys; "just one little, *leetle* yes; that's all you've got to do."

"Come here, Jack," said Johnny; "you ask her to say yes—she'll say it for you."

"Well, you lay that fork down first," said Jack.

Johnny put the fork down, and Jack advanced to do as he was bidden; but hesitated for the want of words.

"Ask her to say yes, Jack; she'll do it for you, I know. Say yes for Jack, Polly, won't you?"

"Say yes, Polly," said Jack.

And with a last explosion of grief that seemed a compromise between a snort and a scream, Polly said "Yes," and rushed from the room.

"In a year after Polly said "yes," Jack's miserable quarter section, that no one would have bought of him at the rate of a postage stamp an acre, was covered with young grape-vines, the rocks picked up and built into fences, and a garden was growing around the house, the spring-water from the hillside was led down to irrigate it; watermelons and muskmelons jostled each other on the aristocratic side of the house, while pumpkins, squashes, and cucumbers loafed around in lazy content near the kitchen quarters; mammoth beets poked their heads many inches above the soil, peas, sweet corn, and string-beans grew and ripened as if it were the hight of their ambition to please Polly and the children. Before long, the ponies and spring wagon Polly brought as her marriage dower were put to a good use. Five days in each week they carried Jack's boys and Polly's girls to the village school. The boys are getting to be strong, manly fellows, and "May" and "Bloss" are two of the sweetest little girls ever seen. Jack bought them a Mason & Hamlin organ the other day, on which they can wring out a few wheezy tunes; and the good fellow is just as proud of their accomplishments as if they were his own "young uns."

HELEN WILMANS.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.

The Various Devices of City "Drummers" to Catch Unsuspecting "Buyers."

New York Herald.

A little sketch which appeared the other day in the Herald, describing the tactics of the enterprising fraternity of dry goods drummers in capturing country merchants on Broadway, created quite a stir among the hundreds of merchants, salesmen, clerks, "drummers," and others who are interested in the subject.

A veteran drummer at a leading dry goods house on Broadway gave a funny classification of the customers of the firm. He was a little, sharp faced, keen-nosed man, and was pronounced by some of his associates to be the very dean of the profession, or, to use their own more descriptive expression, "the veritable old rat."

"We have three classes of customers," said he, with an air of methodical deliberation which was as comical in its effect as he meant it to be serious; "our regular customers—that's the first class."

"How do you secure these?"

"Through proper introduction. These are the men whom we secure in the legitimate ways of the trade—there are some legitimate ways, you know."

"Well, conceding that, what's the second class?"

"They are what we call the 'drops.' They are the country merchants who usually 'drop in' on their way down or up Town. That's why we call them 'drops.' We can recognize a 'drop' in a stranger the moment he comes in."

"Very good—and the third class?"

"They are the 'pick ups'—the men whom we don't know and have to catch in the best way we can. They are the men on whose capture we have to show the science of our trade! Ah, you'd laugh to hear of some of the ways in which we have to catch them."

"For instance."

"Well, one of the main things in the business is to be friendly with every hotel clerk, so that he'll tell you at once when you look over the register which of the names are those of country merchants."

"I should think, from the general reputation of hotel clerks for amiability, that this in itself would be a task of no slight magnitude?"

"Oh, not at all. We live round in different hotels till we get to know the clerks well. Now I am living at the Grand Central, for instance. When I become friendly with the clerks there's no use in my living there any longer, and I move to some other hotel. I move round the hotels all the time. And then the clerks must be friendly with us, because we have it in our power to bring our customers to their hotels or to take them away."

"Well, supposing the clerk is friendly, what then?"

"We lounge about the desk till our man, whose name has been pointed out to us by the clerk, comes in. We know the number of his room—say it's No. 78. In comes our man and asks for the key to room No. 78. We know him then. We go up and say: 'Ah, how do you do, Mr. Smith? You, perhaps, don't remember me, but I have been all through your country, and how is everybody in Smithersville?' Then we probably know somebody in his own or neighboring Town, and so the acquaintance is made. This is what we call the 'key dodge.' Then we have the 'envelope dodge,' which is like this: We find out through the clerk or by any other means that Mr. Sa ond So is a merchant from the country. We take an envelope, put nothing inside it, but address it to his name. If we'd put either a card or note into the envelope he would see through the game at once, but in this way he does not discover our little trick. When our man comes along the supposed letter is handed to him. That's all we want—we know him then—and while he is puzzled to see nothing inside the envelope we 'go for him.'"

"But don't the other drummers sometimes intercept your customers after you think that you have safely secured them?"

"Yes, some of them are very mean about that. Sometimes they practice what we call 'hiving,' which is somewhat like this: A drummer for a dry goods house will meet one for a boot and shoe manufacturer, and still another for a hardware firm, and they'll consolidate their interests and agree to keep all the customers they get hold of to themselves and take them to the same boarding or lodging house up town, where they will let no one go near them. They 'hive' them there, as we call it. The great thing after you get hold of a customer is not to leave him until he has made his purchases at your house. Supposing I make the acquaintance of a countryman in the afternoon. Well, the thing to do is to keep him for dinner and take him out for the evening to some theather or other amusement, so as to keep him away from all the other drummers who are sure at night to come to his hotel after him."

"And what arguments do you use to induce men to purchase after you have made their acquaintance?"

"It depends on what sort of men they are," the veteran replied, with a very wary look. "If it's a man who never wants to buy anything that isn't of the meanest and c

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, APR. 21, 1881.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Verbum sap—maplesugar.—*Lowell Courier.*

Winter lingers in the lap of Wisconsin.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"Maud S." will lower the trotting record to 2:07 this season. So her prime minister says:

At a recent Boston concert the program was printed on thin Japanese paper, so as to avoid the usual rattling.

A doorkeeper at the theater would make a good fortune-teller if he could tell the future as well as he can the passed.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A Western paper reports the birth of a male child with wings. Probably nature intended him for a bank cashier.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Florence Percy, who wrote "Rock Me to Sleep," is living with her third husband, the two others having been successfully rocked.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Jones—"I see Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?" Robinson—"Oh, a very simple reason—to prevent Mrs. Smith from going with him."

"Remember who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a facetious boy: "I am your father." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said the young impertinence, "taint me."

"Look here, boy," said a stern Galveston parent, "you are telling me a falsehood. I can read it in your face." "Why, pa, you know you can't read worth a cent without your spectacles."

A certain Galvestonian was not expected to live. He had a neighbor with whom he had been on bad terms for many years, and after whose condition he made inquiry of a mutual friend when he heard of his illness.

High art below stairs—The modern Jeames of Berkely Square is in for æstheticism and culchaw. In his pantry he sits gazing on a lily in an old cracked blacking bottle. He calls it the "Lily of the Valet."—*London Punch.*

"Never milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a bucolic contemporary. Judging from the character of much of the milk that comes to the market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

M. Laroche Joubert has introduced in the French Chamber a bill relative to titles of honor. He fixes a tariff at 20,000f. a year for the title of Prince; 10,000f., Duke; 5,000f., Marquis; 4,000f., Count; 3,000f., Baron; 2,000f., Chevalier.

The Boston *Globe* is responsible for the statement that Sec. Blaine found some one of Mr. Evarts' old sentences in the back room at the State Department, and has been sawing them into convenient lengths to throw out of the window.

"I'm glad to see you feel a kindly interest in him, but I am afraid he is sinking fast," responded the mutual friend. "He is, is he? Well, I am not surprised. I always thought that was about the direction he would go when he died."—*Galveston News.*

A citizen of New Mexico being informed that, in his absence, a panther had attacked his wife, and that she had beaten off and killed the animal, merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "If that panther knowed her as well as I do he'd a never riled her up, you bet."

The discovery of a human finger in a sausage is said to have cast a gloom over the trade in that delicacy in Liverpool. The explanation offered was that a boy at the machine had his finger cut off, and the digit, being left lying about, somehow went in with the other meat while its owner was at the hospital.

On the 23d, within 12 hours, Saturn will be in conjunction with the sun; Jupiter will also be in conjunction with the sun, and Jupiter and Saturn will be in close conjunction, and then there will be a monkey-and-parrot of a time all around. But, by the way, where do we come in on this celestial circus.—*Boston Globe.*

When a man is firmly grounded in spiritualism, it doesn't disturb his faith at all to see a materializing medium exposed while personating, in disguise, a returned and embodied spirit. He goes to the next "seance," paying his little dollar at the door, and when a paper mask hits by the orifice in the medium's cabinet, cries, in mandlin tones, "Sister Dorothy, is that you?"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The farmer's oldest boy now puts on his heaviest boots, gets a grip on the plow handles, and with the "lines" around his neck, yells and shouts and swears because the span don't "haw" and "gee" just right in turning corners. You'd never suspect that he was the same fellow who has been raising havoc among the girls all Winter with his stunning plaid neckties and stand-up paper collars.—*New Haven Register.*

It became the duty of the writer several years ago to examine the books of a certain broker who had failed. In going over the enormous ledger and balancing the accounts, the startling discovery was made that of over 300 persons whose names appeared on the books, and almost every one of them living in the country, but three had made any money, while some of the losses were so large as to completely ruin the speculators.—*Rochester Herald.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Stephen, the first martyr, was stoned to death. Since his time hundreds of infants martyrs have been rocked to death. The child asks for nourishment, and its mother gives it a rock.

An Irish servant girl, a year over, was given some maccaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise the old lady said, "Didn't you cook maccaroni at your last place?" "Cook it, ez it! We used them things to flight the gas with."

Fraulein Eugenie Marlitt, the author of "Gisela," "The Moorland Princess," etc., has a kind and sensible, but not pretty, face, and her head is covered with a quantity of short ringlets. When 16 she was adopted by the Princess Schwartzburg, Sonderhausen, who began to prepare her for the lyric stage. She became deaf soon after, and concluded to devote herself to literature. Withdrawing from court, she returned to her early home in the Thuringian Forest, where she has since written her interesting and successful novels.

Lady Gatheremall at home. (Informal introductions are best—especially when formal ones are not forthcoming.) Ponsonby de Tomkyns (to Mrs. P. de T., who is artfully protruding a tiny foot)—"What's the good? His all serenity 's as blind as a bat. He'll only *tread* on it!" Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns—"I *mean* him to!" Ponsonby de Tomkyns—"What for?" Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns—"Why, he'll have to apologize, you goose, and then—but there, leave it all to me, there's a darling." The august foreigner falls into the pretty little trap, and success crowns Mrs. P. de T.'s endeavors.—*London Punch.*

A burglar entered a house in which a mother was sitting up with a sick child. "Sir," she said to him in a whisper, as soon as she could compose herself to speak, "there is nothing of value in this house except that child's life, at least to me, but you may find otherwise. Here, take my keys, search everywhere, take what you want, but speedily and without noise, I implore you." She handed him the keys, placed her finger on her lip and pointed to the door. The burglar moved quietly away, then turned and said in a low voice: "Is he very sick?" "His life hangs on the continuance of this sleep." "Then he will recover for all the noise I'll make," the robber answered, laying down the keys and noiselessly taking his departure, but absolutely nothing else.

A Gorgeous Display.

Harper's Bazar.

The account of the ball given by Mrs. Mackay in Paris lately reads like some sumptuous fete of the Empire: 200 servants in liveries of black and scarlet and gold; ball room lined with mirrors and old tapestry; Waidteufels leading the band; vocalists singing the valses; souvenirs for the guests of silver from Mr. Mackay's mines, bearing the Mackay arms and date of the ball; menus white and pink satin; $1,200 worth of strawberries, and sterlets from Russia. Could hospitality go further? Gen. Noyes, who was importuned for invitations, replied: "You seem to forget that I am here to protect Mr. Mackay."

Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin.

There is now a substance which is both professionally and popularly indorsed and concerning which Mr. S. B. Fersch-weiler, Butteville, Oregon, writes: I have often read of the many cures effected by St. Jacobs Oil and was persuaded to try the Remedy myself. I was a sufferer from rehumatism and experienced great pains, my leg being so swollen that I could not move it. I procured St. Jacobs Oil, used it freely and was cured.

THE MINES OF NEW MEXICO.

Santa Fe's Pet.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

There can be no doubt, now, that New Mexico is the "coming State," nor since the developments at The Placers, The Black Range, Silver City, White Oaks—all of them names that make the miner's ears tingle—and, last but not least, since the re-opening of Santa Fé's long-cherished Cerillo's mines, that it will be a great mineral country and equal, if not surpass, the other gold-producing regions of our continent. Every one of her mining camps has a history of many hundred years, replete in weird incidents that befell, first, the generations of Indians that have suffered and toiled in the arid heat of New Mexico's deserts, and struggled with famine and thirst and the dreadful mountain fever, that have braved the haunts of wild beasts, and carried the water for miles on their backs to wash the black sandbanks that the night winds pile up around the peaks of stone from which they wore it off. Then came the terrible tales of the conquest by the haughty "Caballeros," who were the rakes of the court in Spain, and were sent out "to manage the mines of Little Méjico" so as to get rid of them. But even this period has its picturesque life and romance. There were the three gallant young knights that lived in the cave of crystalline gypsum rt the ruined Pueblo of San Lázary, and grew old and died while they were searching every cranny and crack for the fabled "Lost Lode" whence the Indians of the village had obtained their jug of wire-gold. I was down there the other day, and seeing that smoke came out of the cave, drew my horse up and went in. It was not a camp of sheep boys cooking their supper, as I had expected, nor a gang of horse thieves weathering out a 40 day's siege, as legend says they once did in the security of this retreat, but it was three foolish young prospectors, most arduously engaged in turning up the floor of white gypsum itself. They were drunken with the same wild story that had wrecked the lives of the Spanish knights so long before, and as completely oblivious of reason as men blinded by wine. They had conceived the notion that the lost lead must be in the floor of the Grotto itself, so they shoveled about the fragments of broken crockery, bones, half-petrified charcoal that remained from the fires of many former inhabitants, and debris that had fallen from the roof, with a vandalism that shocked my feelings, and I left them and rode over to the other side of the mountain, to inspect what is generally conceded to be the famous "Lost Lode" of the San Lázarv. In wire-gold it is the richest mine in the world, and is called the Delgão. But its history is more than a chapter in itself. And so, as I started out to tell you about Santa Fé's pet, "Los Cerillos," and especially "the Santa Fé Camp," Bonanza City, I must leave the Delgão for another time, albeit it is the leading mine in New Mexico.

But I had not finished about the romance of the White Oaks, or, as they were then called, "Albos Querques," from the Latin, for it was the Dominican Monks who first entered the country and named it from the only broad-leafed tree that they found there, "AlbosQuerques," a low-Latin name, meaning white oaks, but the natives soon corrupted it to its present form—Albuquerque. Now the revolution in New Mexico is said by the Indians to have been precipitated at the Gron Quivira in this manner. The Monks had a convent there, and by their tact and policy exerted a powerful influence over the fierce Navajo Indians, as well as over the peaceful Pueblos, and it so happened that they persuaded a Chief—one of Victoria's ancestors—who had an only child, a beautiful black eyed little lass—so the story runs—to let her be educated at the school, where under the developing hand of the Mother Superior, she grew more lovely every day, until finally in the Spring time of her thirteenth year, just when she was to have been sent home "finished," to grace the wigwam of her old father and comfort the grisly old chieftain's declining years, the luckless Spaniard who had charge of the Albos Querque's works chanced to meet her, and then was enacted the flight and pursuit depicted so graphically in the opening stanzas of Lord Dillin's Daughter. For three days they fled together toward the Spanish Town of Old Mexico, but, when they reached the Rio Grande, there was no boatman, the river was high—the pursuers on their heels—the Spaniard plunged in with his stolen bride clinging on his shoulder and had nearly gained the other bank, when in a thoughtless moment of desperation, the father launched a well directed arrow that pierced thro' the heart of his daughter into that of her lover and they sank under the turbid water together. Whether or not the conduct of the monastic authorities was culpable in this case, the Indians regarded it as treachery in the last degree, and this tale is cited as the reason why the Navahoes would never again lend an ear to any civilizing influence.

In my last letter I told you about the "Old Spanish Mine" of turquois at the Cerillos; and the history of the piedra azul is the history of Santa Fé and the Cerillos down to the time of the annexation in '49, for, although there always were small washings for gold along the "poison gulch" and the brooks that ooze out of the sand at the foot of Sierra Delga'o, and some plata or silver ore may, at one time, have been carried on burros to Old Mexico for reducing, yet the country has been so inaccessible and altogether without smelting facilities, that it is only since the railroad that Santa Fe has been able to think of utilizing the "true fissure veins" of the Cerillos that she has been guarding so jealously all these long years. But last year there has been a prospector on every square foot of the Cerillos slopes, and thousands of wonderful veins are reported. There never was such a busy place as the assay office or Carbonateville, the leading town, or "camp" as it is called, to which two stage lines bring new men and more capital every day. The road crosses over one of the most characteristic wastes of uninhabited desert plains in New Mexico, until, after about 30 miles in one straight forward direction, it suddenly wheels around a little hill and stops in a steep gulley at the Carbonate Mine. These veins are all developing better and better the deeper the shafts go, and the assays are so perfectly wonderful, that one is prone to think that the assayer must have put a gold eagle into his crucible, mistaking it for the specimen he was carrying in the same pocket.

The peculiarity about the Cerillos mines is that there is no "leading lode" and all the veins are as good one as another, which certainly is dampening to the ardor of prospectors, as in such a district of evenly distributed mediocre lodes, there is little prospect of ever finding another "Delga'o," or "Mary Jane," but judging from the usual experience at the Cerillos, it would seem that any one can find a paying lead within half a day's walk of Santo Fe.

As there are no twenty-acre placer claims at the Cerillos, and the district is the only one in the Territory that is not vexed and embarressed by that bugbear of all enterprise, "Land-Grants," which has always "squashed" the development of the placer regions her camps are the most popular of all, and will probably be the most prominent for a long time to come, until several hard legal knots are untied and duly adjusted, as to the rights of the holders of these Old Mexican grants, whether they own the mineral, and whether "unconfirmed grants" that have never paid tax, hold good against the statute of limitation and all classes of possession during the last 32 years, since the annexation.

There are four thriving Towns at the Cerillos—Carbonateville, with an exclusive monopoly of the turquois mines, Cerillos Station on the railroad, San Miguel, with a church and school, and last, Santa Fé's little venture, "Bonanza City," only 13 miles away, with water, perhaps the greatest advantage of all, and the camp feels, not without reason, either, a conscious superiority over all her rivals.

The Town was projected, the land of the City bought, and all all laid out, last month, by a Santa Fé Company. A smelter is being put up as fast as possible, and by the time you read this will be in operation.

There is an elegantly chased plan of the Town, in the window of the Second National Bank. Broad streets with trees on both sides, a park, reservations for churches and schoolhouses, and all the other adjuncts of metropolitan life, so nicely described by Col. Sellers in his "brief plan of Napoleon" in the Gilded Age.

But after seeing the plan, although Bonanza City daily approximates it more and more, one cannot help smiling at the reality. You ride around the curve of Sierra Delgão and lo!—Bonanza City—an arid plain stretching a mile to the foot of the Four Peaks, all one waste of sand, stained in places with blazing white skums of alkali. In the middle there are several little gulleys, perhaps two feet deep, and slowly oozing on of the sand into them is a considerable quantity of warmish water with a bad, dirty taste, that forms a sluggish little brook and runs down a mile or two into the Rio Santa Fé. On one side is a Mexican ranch and some scrub willows growing against an old corral wall of stone that is said to have given an assay of $32 gold, to the ton! On the other side of the brook is a pleasant little cottage hotel, four saloons, two stores, if I remember right, the company's office, the new smelter, a mane of tents and wagons in a little group—is there anything else? Well, there soon will be, *espere un poco*, until the smelter is started and I will tell you some more.

H. D. Elliott.

Santa Fé, April 4, 1881.

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE

Declaring for Peace and Preparing for War.

Bismarck's Utterances—Strength of the German Army-Repeating Arms-Italy's Fortifications—War Preparations in the East.

PARIS, April 9.—The French Chamber of Deputies has voted by an "imposing" majority that there shall be no war in Europe this year, just as their precursors of the Convention used to "decree victory" in 1793. The Austrian and German newspapers have indorsed this vote with the expression of their unqualified approval. Hence von Bismarck has declared, before the Berlin Chambers, that "the peace of the Continent would not be broken for many a long day." Therefore we may conclude that the doors of the Temple of Janus will not be opened during the coming twelvemonth—barring accidents. The French refuse to believe in the possibility of accidents, and base their convictions of continued harmony upon their own unwillingness to draw the sword—which sentiment they fancy is universal. They lay great stress, too, on the pacific assurances uttered by the Chancellor, forgetting entirely that to no one so well as to him applies the proverb: "Language was invented to conceal thought;" that for him to have spoken otherwise than pacifically would have precipitated the catastrophe, coming, as it did, immediately after Marshal von Moltke's letter, in which this veteran soldier asserts that "war is an institution of divine origin; that a long peace is dangerous and demoralizing to any Nation." This letter was, at first, a terrible shock to the Gallic nerves, but, with reflection, their politicians came to the conclusion either that it was dictated by a wish to reconcile his countrymen to the intended increase of their army, or that the conqueror of France is in his dotage. The simple truth is this: The new military establishment will not begin to go into operation until the first of April, 1881; its organization will not be effected for about a twelvemonth, and before this organization shall have become as perfect as the rest of that marvelous machine, the imperial army, it is desirable to avoid an explosion.

The following figures, taken from the official Army Register of this year, will show the amount of confidence felt on the other side of the Rhine in the proximity of the millennium: Peace footing, 18,128 officers, 427,274 rank and file, and 81,629 horses, which are an increase on last year's estimate of 901 officers, 25,616 men, and 1,726 horses, forming 8 additional regiments of infantry for Prussia and 1 regiment of infantry for Bavaria; 1 regiment of artillery, of 24 batteries, for Prussia; 4 batteries for Bavaria. The Prussian heavy artillery has been further strengthened by one new regiment and by the addition of 215 officers and 5,602 men to those regiments already existing. Finally, an additional engineer regiment of 18 officers and 603 rank and file is being organized. The war establishment shows 779 battalions, of which 503 belong to the standing army, 128 to the mobilized landwehr, while 148 are "Fourth battalions." To these must be added 134 garrison battalions and 190 depot battalions, in which are included the 11 depot battalions of the new regiments as well as the depot formations of the mobilized landwehr, making in all 324 battalions which, at the commencement of a campaign, would not take the field. Probably the field army may detatch about 40 battalions to strengthen the garrisons of those fortresses most exposed to attack, where, on and after the 1st of April, will also be stationed the new 31 battalions of heavy artillery, as well as the 29 battalions of landwehr belonging to that arm. With this detachment made, there remain, ready for immediate field service, 738 battalions, 276 of which are landwehr or "fourth battalions," and will only be organized into brigades, divisions, and corps after a declaration of war. We know nothing precise concerning the principles on which will be based the organization of this reserve; in 1870-71 the brigades of mobilized landwehr were composed of six and, its divisions of 12 battalions each, and supposing the plan now adopted to be similar, we may calculate that there will be a reserve of 12 army corps each of two divisions of from 16,000 to 18,000 infantry.

The proportion of the infantry is immense and is commented on very severely, *Metzer Zeitung* in particular complaining of the insufficiency of the reserve artillery, which, according to the present system of mobilization, allows only three batteries in reserve to each army corps. Improvement in the cavalry arm is the especial object of German solicitude. The Prussian mounted troops showed their value in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71. But in the contingents of the other States of the Empire much was left to be desired. Since then very little has been accomplished by either Saxony or Baden or Wurtemburg, while the least said about the smaller principalities the better; but Bavaria has spared no pains to bring her cavalry up to the Berlin standard. The last Autumn manuvers have demonstrated that these efforts were not made in vain, as the report of the Prussian inspectors is couched in terms of unqualified praise, which contrast very markedly with their criticism of French mounted troops. That this should be so is easily conceivable; the French Minister of War, being a specialist, has an intense contempt for cavalry, and in all controversies between its chiefs and those of other arms unhesitatingly pronounces in favor of the latter, sometimes even without any preliminary investigation of the case in dispute. In Germany, on the contrary, everything is done to increase the prestige of what Moltke terms "the eyes and ears of an army." In Germany the men are taught how to ride; they are provided with good horses and forced to take care of them; they are armed with the most effective and least cumbersome weapons. Here the Cavalry Board concentrates all its intelligence upon modifications of uniform and thinks to have merited a crown of eternal glory, when it has proposed the substitution of a new fashioned dolman for the one now in use, and of breeches and half-boots for the present unsightly overalls which send half of a squadron to the hospital with chafed seats after half a dozen hours' service in the saddle. Certainly, this innovation, if ever sanctioned, which, such is the power of routine, is by no means sure, will be an inestimable boon to the trooper, but while they were about it Gen. Thornton and Col. de Lignieres might have recommended some change in the armament; they might have suggested that at least some experiments should be made on the practical utility of repeating rifles which have begun to attract so much attention from every other Government in Europe. Repeating rifles are now what breech-loaders were after Sadowa, and I think that the time is not far distant when they will be universally adopted. Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria have the question under examination, the latter power taking the lead in the investigation of the numerous systems proposed for the transformation of ordinary breech-loaders. Strange to say, Gen. Farre obstinately refuses to take the matter up, although the most recent trials made at Vienna, on the 10th of January, 1881, were on the French ordinance musket—the Gras—from which remarkable results have been obtained when transformed by the Valmisburg system. These results, however, have not entirely satisfied the Austrian Minister of War, who, in his solicitude to bestow the very best repeating rifle in existence upon his country, is about to order a comparative trial of every system or improvement, whatever be the nationality of the inventor—in France the mere fact of the inventor being of foreign birth suffices to insure the rejection of his application to be tested. Whether the universal introduction of repeating arms will add to the real efficiency of an army is not clearly proved. Already the increased rapidity of fire obtained with breech loaders has become a cause of carelessness; the men rarely aim, firing at random as soon as they have slipped in their cartridges, and, if they make a great deal of noise and maintain a *feu bien nourri*, over which commanding officers go into ecstacies in their reports, do very little harm to the enemy, or to that particular fraction of the enemy against which it is supposed to be directed. The amount of powder burned is ten times as great as in the days of old Brown Bess, when the distance between contending lines was not more than 300 yards. Humanitarians who shudder over the "disposition to develop engines of destruction" need not be alarmed; the "butcher's bill" of the next campaign, if repeaters be used on both sides, will show a marked decrease, if we can judge from the statistics of past wars, of which I will quote a few as instances of three periods: Battle of the Moskowa, 1812, Russian loss, 44 per cent., French loss, 35 per cent., arms used, flint-lock smooth-bores; battle of Solferino, 1859, Austrian loss, 9 per cent., French loss, 11 per cent; the Austrians were armed with rifled muskets and smooth-bored cannon; the French had rifled ordnance; war of 1870-71, the losses of either army in no one engagement exceeded 10 per cent., and generally did not reach that figure. During the recent Bulgarian campaign, we have no accurate statements on which to base our judgment, as the Turks have no idea idea themselves either of the amount of ammunition issued or of the number of their killed and wounded, which must, however, have been much less than the Russian loss—in no instance exceeding 12 per cent—as, except on the Kara-Lom, where they defeated the Czarowitch, their most severe engagements were fought from behind earthworks. The *Militer Wochenblatt* furnishes some curious statistics on the expenditure of ammunition in 1877 by the Russians: the infantry fired 4,306,358 shots with the Berdan rifle, 9,997,669 with the Kruka, and 22,315 with the Martini; the cavalry fired 1,687,610 shots with the Berdan carbine, 108,416 with the Kruka, and 121,020 with the revolver—Smith & Wesson; the artillery fired off 187,193 cartridges. The Skobeleff Division—the 16th—consumed the greatest number of cartridges, 1,421,881; the greatest individual consumption of cartridges was by the 140th Regiment of Infantry at the battle of Kara Hassan Keny, on the 30th of August, 1877, to wit: 91 rounds for each man. At the siege of Nicopolis the Third Battery of the Third Brigade fired 180 cannon shots. The conclusion which I arrive at is that casualties will rather decrease than increase in number with the introduction of repeating rifles, but that they will be introduced generally on account of their moral effect upon the troops, which would consider themselves in a position of inferiority if they find that the enemy can discharge a dozen shots to their one.

In the matter of fortifications neither Austria, Russia, nor Germany are idle. Russia strengthens her defenses along the line of the Vistula and on the frontiers of Gallicia; Germany is equally solicitous about her eastern and western frontiers, and Austria, while preparing for defense against Russian aggression, turns her chief attention toward the passes of the Tyrol, feeling that, sooner or later, the *irredenta* agitation will take the form of another Garibaldian expedition. France does what she can to improve the fortresses which remained to her after the peace of 1871, but, since the capture of Metz, she possesses none worthy of classification in the first rank. Italy, differing from all her neighbors, is about to reduce her fortifications by the dismantlement of two fortresses of the famous quadrilateral. The Government is disposed to defend its territory, but doubts whether, in the actual situation of the peninsula and with the capital at Rome, the maintenance of the great intrenched camp formed by Mantua, Legnano, Peschiera and Verona, may not be rather inconvenient than advantageous. It is admitted that the Adige and the Mincio, of which the course is commanded by these fortresses, might serve as a line of defense at the outset of a war. But in the event of a defeat, as it is Rome which must be covered, the rallying point of the beaten army should be behind the Apennines. Now, the importance of this might be lost sight of by a timid General, who would be tempted to retreat to the protection of the quadrilateral and so sacrifice the capital, and to avoid such a danger Verona and Peschiera are to be sacrificed. The first of these places was armed with 700 cannon, and included in its system of defense 29 detached forts commanding the Upper Adige. Peschiera covers the Mincio from the outlet of Lago di Garda. Legnano and Mantua will be preserved and their already formidable works greatly strengthened; they are considered necessary to cover the flanks of an army's operations, and as pivots in the event of a retreat from the other side of the Po.

Without increasing their effectives, Belgium, Holland and Denmark are striving diligently to keep pace with the times in the matter of armament and organization. In each of these countries the questions of repeating arms and the improvement of the cavalry excites the most attention. Only vaguely have we any information respecting the military situation of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Oriental Roumelia. The few newspaper men who have at various times since the War gone into the principalities or into the Balkan peninsula are too ignorant of military matters to form an intelligent opinion from personal observation, and the natives are too shrewd to communicate any information which might be used to their disadvantage. The fact, however, that an officer of the Roumeliete Militia has gone on to St. Peters. burg to insist upon the delivery before the 15th of June of the 24,000 muskets ordered there of the same pattern as those in use in Bulgaria, authorizes the supposition that the Transbalkan Bulgarians have not abandoned their hankering after union with their northern brethren.

A royal decree, published at Athens on the 23d of January, orders the immediate organization of three new battalions of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and one battalion of engineers. The present effective force of the Greek Army is 65,000 men of all arms, none of whom have ever been under fire. Three depots for recruitment have been formed at the Piegeus, at Chalcis, and at Missolonghi. Volunteering is slack, and the Minister of the Interior has been obliged to direct the Prefects to deliver no more passports to any male of an age to bear arms. The precaution does not tally well with the assertion made by the *Ephemeris* on the 31st of January. A corps d'élite of 10,000 volunteers is ready to make a descent upon Smyrna immediately after the declaration of war, there to unite with the Greek residents and the Turkish malcontents, in order to depose the dynasty of Othman and place Midhat Pasha on the throne of Syria. If ever this band of heros should start on such an expedition it will probably gain its chief notoriety by a comparison with the retreat of another 10,000 of which Xenophone has written. Turkey, although anxious to avoid war, feels that it is inevitable, and makes preparations in consequence. The garrison of Salonica has been reinforced with infantry and engineer troops—7,500 infantry, 14 battalions—have been ordered from from Scutary to Janina; cavalry and engineer detachments sailed last week for Volo, whence they will be directed on Prevaza and along the Greek border. Conscription for *redifs* and recruits to the Mizan continues actively throughout the Empire, and in Syria it is expected that 24 battalions will be ready for active service before the end of the month; in Albania, Dervisch Pasha has organized and armed six battalions of volunteers; all the accessory services, the equipage train, the ambulances, etc., which were the weak part of the Turkish organization in 1877, have been the object of special attention. In the naval department the same diligence is observable; seven frigates and two corvettes, all ironclad, four monitors and 30 steam transports are ready to go to sea; torpedoes have been placed at the entrance to the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and in the vicinity of the roadsteads of Smyrna and Salonica, the whole under the direction of Hobard Pasha.

ALEXANDER II.

The Remembrance of Him Due From the Friends of the American Union.

In an address upon the life and character of the assassinated Czar, delivered at Covington, Ky., by Gen Cassius M. Clay, for nine years United States Minister to Russia, (including the period of the rebellion,) the following is made of the timely and substantial service rendered by that monarch to this country. Gen. Clay says:

But for Americans gratitude demands a deeper memory. Alone of all the monarchs of the world Alexander stood by us in our sorest day of trial. By England, who had denounced slavery in and out of season; by England, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, when we appealed to her, who had assumed the banner of liberation for all the nations, we were treated with insolence and contempt. Perfidous Albion, she sent her ships not to save, but to sink us. But what did Alexander? He expressed at once, without reserve, his liveliest sympathy for national life. He sent his iron clad fleet into the port of New York. England and France were, by the projected conquest of Mexico, and in spite of the Monroe doctrine, already in the line of Southern alliance.

But England, with Russia at her back in India, dared go no farther, turned back, and left France and Maximilian to ther fate. It was believed in diplomatic circles, in Europe, that there was a secret treaty of offensive and defensive alliance between Russia and America. This impression I took no pains to remove. The fact remains, Russia saved us from national death. Can truth come from calumnators and assassins? Shall the enemy of the human race stand as the arbiters of any just issue? These are the men who made out the greatest philanthropist of all time a tyrant, the healthiest an invalid, and the most sober a drunkard, and the most deserving of life worthy of death.

When Alexander received notice of the courtesies paid the Russian Navy in the United States, he invited me, as the representative of the nation, to one of his country palaces, and there for many days I dined with him, with his suite, under the trees—he and I sitting alone at one table. Then, if ever, would his taste for drink, if he had any exhibit itself. But neither then nor elsewhere, during a sojourn of nearly nine years in Russia, did I see him drink a glass of wine or other liquor.

He was an eastern autocrat, and not by the same standards are different civilizations to be measured. But never was a man more kind to his Empress, to his brothers and sisters, and to his children and his friends. Intellectually he must be classed with the great men of history; not a genius, not brilliant with unequal talents; but his faculties, like those of Washington, were all harmoniously developed. Temperate at all times; having a time for work and a time for play, he was cheerful, industrious and regular in all things. In the main, his servants were men of character and brains and like Lincoln, he was conscientious, and intensely patriotic. How then shall I speak in fitting terms of the deep damnation of his taking off? What does the verdict of all the centuries say of Julius Cæsar? the legislator, the orator, the historian, the generous friend, the most gallant soldier? Not till liberty was no longer possible did he assume supreme power. And all avow that, of the living or dead, he was most worthy to rule, the noblest Roman of them all. But Alexander, yet in the hight of autocratic power, gave up his life to the liberties and civilization of his people.

AN ACCOMMODATING TRAIN

Offered Every Advantage to Passengers.

Detroit Free Press.

Several days ago a stranger made his appearance at the Union Depot and asked Officer Button how long before the Grand River Valley train would go out.

"In about twenty minutes," was the reply.

"Then I'll have time to get a drink, won't I?"

"You will."

"That's good. I always prefer to travel on a stiff horn of whisky."

He returned in five minutes, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, and asked:

"Has my train gone yet?"

"No, sir; you still have 14 minutes to spare."

"That's good, and I guess I'll go back for a little brandy."

When he again returned he felt in good spirits, and ascertaining that he still had six minutes to spare he said:

"Now that's what I call liberal, and I'll lay in one more drink."

The last one proved more that he could bear up under, and he was not seen again for three hours. Then he came around with a wobble in his gait and an uncertain look in his eyes and asked:

"Shay, what time does that Gran' River Valley train go out?"

"In about four hours."

"Fo' hours? Why, that'll give me time to get drunk again; mos' 'commodatin' railroad I ever saw, eh?"

"Yes."

"Shay! I doan want to be mean. Go'n tell 'er Superintendent he needn't wait fur me any longer, 'cause 'tmay delay others. He's a 'zhentleman, he is, and I'm a 'zhentleman, I am, but when a 'zhentleman holds a train for me mos' half a day I can't impose on him any longer? Shay, do you ever cry when you get zbrunk? I do, and if you've no 'jeckshuns I'll cry now."

No objections being made, he cried.

HE PLAYED DIRT.

Brudder Jones's Little Game.

Detroit Free Press.

The President looked up and down the aisles, got his eye on the man he wanted, and said:

"Brudder Litchfield Jones, will you please walk up heah?"

Mr. Jones came forward at an acute angle, made several efforts to bow, and was asked:

"On de 19th of March you war' tooken sick?"

"Yes, sah."

"You considered yourself dangerously sick?"

"Yes, sah."

"Yes, I 'spect so, for your wife applied to de club fur relief, an' I instructed de Treasurer to pass ober $3 fur dat week. I need not tell you dat we all feel sorry fur you, an' dat we wore long faces at de ideah of losin' you from dis lodge. You war' tooken ill on de 19th, was considered dangerous on the 20th, and on de 21st your wife was giben $3. Am I k'rect?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, den, on de 22d you borrowed a shotgun an' went out to hunt rabbits. I doan' know how much game you bagged, but I kinder reckon dat speedy recovery ob yours was a mos' wonderful thing."

"Yes, sah—de sickness went right off in de night."

"Brudder Jones," continued the President, after a long look at him, "you played dirt on dis club. It's no use to deny it, kase we hab all de evidence. Las' y'ar you jumped into de ribber an' saved de life ob Pickles Smith. Dat's de reason I doan' bounce you now. You mus' return dat money an' apologize fur your meanness, an' ef I ebber cotch you slippin' agin, you'll get out ob Paradise Hall so fast dat shoe leather can't ober-take you."

Brother Jones made a very full apology returned the $3, and the club adjourned amidst songs of peace and expressions of harmony.

Given Up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good.—*Saturday Post.*

WOMEN SLANDERERS.

The Way a Nasty Little Cad was Served in New York.

Noah's Sunday Times.

I propose three cheers for Minnie Clyde!

Miss Clyde is an actress; not a Sarah Bernhardt or a Clara Morris, it is true. She is "leading lady" in the Volks' Garden Theater in the Bowery, and she drinks beer.

But she is a trump, all the same.

A few nights ago, while on the stage, Miss Clyde was informed that a cad, by the name of Wolf, had been speaking about her in a very insulting manner, and boasting in the theater of a very intimate acquaintance with her.

None of his listeners were manly enough to stop the fellow's mouth, and Miss Clyde, probably having no big brother to send for, determined to defend herself. She sent for Wolf to come behind the scenes, and there, in the presence of her companions, having first reproached him for his cowardly conduct, she vigorously pulled his nose and soundly boxed his ears.

Considering the size of his nose she pulled, and the length of the ears she boxed, she probably had her hands full. But she acquitted herself admirably, and I, for one, admire her pluck.

The next time Mr. Wolf amuses himself by lying in public places about young women he does not know, he will probably speak in very low tones.

It is a pity there are not many more women like Minnie Clyde.

If there were, there would be fewer men like Mr. Wolf.

As it is, they are unfortunately very numerous. One meets them everywhere, even in what would be called respectable society, and everywhere one is disgusted to note the freedom with which they use the names of women whom, in nine cases out of ten, they do not even know.

They are particularly free in their use of the names of actresses. With them, to pay a dollar to see a popular favorite on the stage is to purchase the right to speak of her in the most insulting terms, to retail gossip about her private life, and to disseminate all the vile insinuations in regard to her character that their salacious imaginations can devise.

Occasionally they meet with a check, as in the case of Miss Clyde's slanderer and as in the case of another cad, whom John Duff kicked out of his theatre for retailing some nasty gossip about an actress on the stage.

But, for the most part, they are permitted to indulge their lying propensities undisturbed, because few people like to make themselves conspicuous as the champions of women they do not know, and because people who do happen to know the victims of their slander would rather let a lie pass unchallenged than make a woman the innocent cause of a public scandal.

For my part, I do not think a gentleman is ever justified in sitting quietly by and allowing a blackguard to blacken the name of a woman.

The habitual slanderers of women are generally cowards, and they can be silenced without recourse to physical violence.

It is the immunity they enjoy that encourages them in their nefarious practice, and with each unchallenged lie that they tell, they become bolder and more sweeping in their attacks upon female character.

It may be set down as a general rule that the man who has always some choice love-affair to relate, who is forever carrying tales about the private life of this woman or the flirtations of that actress, is either a liar or a cad.

Frequently he is both.

The walking directory of frail women, the persistent advertiser of his own conquests, the *sei disant* Lothario, is usually the man who knows the least about women. He makes up by the exercise of his imagination for what his experience has failed to bring him.

He is, at the best, a most despicable and uninteresting wretch; a creature who is not safe company for even the frailest woman, and certainly not a tolerable companion for decent men.

It is usually the young cad, who begins by telling lying anecdotes about actresses and other prominent women—anecdotes in which he figures as the hero, who ends by becoming a general libeler of the sex.

He commences by lying about a few women in particular, and ends by believing that his lies are truths applicable to women in general.

He ultimately blossoms forth as a scoffer of all female virtue, one of a class of whom the poet has written:

> He is a parricide of his mother's name,
> And with an impious hand murders her fame,
> That wrongs the praise of women."

We know what he is, and we know how honorable men treat him. Why not apply the same treatment to the incipient club and barroom assassins of female character?

SUFFRAGE EXTENDED.

A General Liberalizing of Brazilian Institutions.

Rochester Chronicle.

Brazil is the only monarchy on American soil, but the Emperor, Dom Pedro, has caught the spirit of Republicanism and is liberalizing the Government. The measure for emancipating the slaves was warmly supported by the Emperor. Now another great step has been taken toward popular liberty. On the 9th of January an electoral law was passed after a struggle of two years. In this struggle a Cabinet was compelled to resign. A Liberal Ministry, under Saraiva, carried the bill through. Hitherto none but Catholics were allowed to vote in the Empire, and the elections were controlled to a great extent by military interference. Th

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we never undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All who are not complying with this rule find their letters put promptly into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and numbers.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive a response they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We would request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate pieces of paper. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing business items or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

MARY M.M., West Liberty, O.:

A letter addressed to Dr. Obermiller, Toledo, O., will doubtless reach him.

E. F. H., Madison, Ia.:

If the song you inquire for is not obtainable at the music stores we do not know where you will be enabled to get it.

J. B. M., Sevastopol, Ind.:

Please state what is considered the best work on parliamentary usage.

Cushing's Manual, which may be obtained at any book store.

W. H. C., Bay, Ill.:

Are you going to publish your serial story, "A File of Forgotten Letters," in book form?

The author of "The File" is now at work preparing the story for publication in book form.

J. C., Ervin, Mich.:

Where can I get a military saber, as a souvenir of the "late unpleasantness?" What will it cost?

Perhaps one of the best places to look for one is in the pawnshops of any City. They vary in price anywhere from $1.25 up.

Ed Filder, Sawsville, Ill.:

Is there any place in the Bible where it says "The wicked shall not live out their days"? If so, give chapter and verse.

Psalms 55-23 reads as follows: "But thou, O God, shalt bring them to the pit of destruction; *bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; but I will trust in thee.*"

W. H. S., Maple Plain, Minn.:

Is a postmaster responsible for the safe delivery of a registered letter sent from his office? If not, who is?

In case of any trouble about a registered letter the matter should be promptly reported to the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

A. M. A., Exeter, Ill.:

1. What is the derivation of the term Boers, and why is it applied to the colonists that are now coping so successfully with the British power, and is said to any other people?

The word "Boer" means in Dutch "peasant," and is applied to the Dutch peasants who left Holland and established settlements in South Africa in the beginning of the 17th century, and is the name by which they have been known down to the present day.

Sal seriller, West Salem, O.:

1. Who was the best General in the late war? 2. Do you believe the Roman Catholics will ever rule America? 3. Which of the Presidents, from Washington down, is or was the best informed? 4. Which political party predominates in Toledo?

1. Gen. Grant had the most uniform success of any General on either side of the conflict. 2. No. 3. Pres. John Quincy Adams probably had the greatest stock of acquired information. 4. The Republican.

G. W. French, Purity, Kan.:

1. Please explain to me how Garfield came to get one elector from California, when the State went for Hancock at the Presidential election.

There was a very determined opposition to one of the candidates for elector on the Democratic ticket, and he failed to receive enough votes to make him an elector. Consequently a Garfield elector was elected and cast his ballot for the Republican nominee for President.

A Reader, Summit Grove, Ind.:

How many countries or provinces are there in the world that grant titles of nobility, what are those different titles, and how are they granted?

Substantia ly every civilized country in the world, except the United States and Switzerland, and the South American Republics, grant titles of nobility in some shape or another. Their granting depends upon a world of different conditions, but substantially they are for eminent civil service, eminent military service, great achievements in science or commercial enterprises.

J. F. D., Osage, Ks.:

Where are the United States arsenals located?

There are three large arsenals in the United States—one at Springfield, Mass., one at Rock Island, Ill., and one at Watertown, Mass. There are 12 small arsenals, or depots, located in the following places: Pittsburg, Pa., Augusta, Me., Benicia, Cal., New York City, Pikesville, Md., West Troy, N. Y., Fort Monroe, Va., Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Kennebec, Me., St. Louis, and San Antonio, Texas.

Telephone, Negley, Pa.:

Please tell me how to make a simple telephone of home construction—one that will serve as a means of communication between two houses a few rods apart.

We have seen children's toy telephones that could be used for a distance of several rods. It was made by taking a small sized tin box, as for instance a pepper box, puncturing a small hole through the bottom, and putting through it a string, having a similar box at the other end.

J. F. F., Shelbyville, Ill.:

1. "Pope Gregory XIII. decreed that all centurial years which are not multiples of 400 should not be intercalary years; thus, 1600 was a leap year, and 2000 will be." Now, why is not 2000 a leap year? It is the fourth year after the leap year 1996. If it is not, which will be the first leap year after 1896? And is there any books or periodicals treating on steam engines? If there are, where, and to whom must I write?

1. As 1900 is not a multiple of 400, it will not be a leap year. The next leap year after 1896 will be 1904. 2. If your bookdealer has not them in stock, he can order them for you.

Enquirer, Sheridan, Mich.:

1. Should a subscriber change his name (by reason of his wife's marriage) the same on the BLADE list be changed, and at what cost? 2. In reading of the City of New York, I find the name of a creek, "Spuyten Duyvel;" how are these words pronounced, and what is the English of them? 3. Is the Commissioner of Pensions appointed by the President or Secretary of the Interior? 4. Have any of the leading Democratic papers, and especially the Detroit Free Press, ever directly acknowledged the falsehood of the Morey Letter, or in any sense apologized for its publication?

1. It would be changed without cost. 2. Pronounced as though spelled Spi-'n Div-l, with a long sound of i, as in light. It means literally, "Sporting Devil." 3. He is appointed by the President in conjunction with the Secretary. 4. We believe not.

A Subscriber, Defiance, O.:

1. Does the Federal Government levy a direct tax upon the citizens of the United States? 2. What is the ratio of representation among them? 3. Of these two questions, what will it be for the next 10 years? 3. Are the Presidential electors of any State chosen at present in any other manner than by a vote of the people? 4. Through what point does the Continental Road pass? 5. Has the law making it a necessary qualification for electors, that they have paid or been charged with a State or County tax, ever been repealed?

1. The only direct tax levied by the Government is upon tobacco, whisky and patent medicine. 2. Owing to the failure of Congress to pass any apportionment bill at its last session it has not yet been determined. 3 No. 4. It is between Tiffin and Fort Wayne, Ind. 5. That is a local law, depending entirely upon the State Law. Ohio has none such.

Pole, Minneapolis, Minn.:

1. How are inhabitants of Russia divided, as to occupation? 2. How many can read and write? 3. How many are engaged in politics?

1. There are in Russia about 1,220,000 noblemen and civil and military officers, about 3,000,000 soldiers, 600,000 merchants, 6,000,000 artisans, 50,000,000 peasants and laborers, and 800,000 ecclesiastics. This includes in each class women and children, and does not include 25,000,000 Asiatic subjects of Russia. 2. Of these there could read and write all the first class, 120,000 of the merchants (half the males), 800,000 ecclesiastics (all the males and two-third of the females,) 1,600,000 artisans (one-third of the males); total, about 2,800,000 literates. 3. The only persons set down as interested in politics were about 1,000,000 of the first class and a miscellaneous class consisting of about 400,000 merchants, artisans, ecclesiastics and students, or about 1,400,000 "politicians," so to speak, in a nation of over 85,000,000.

W. A. M., Ohioville, Penn.:

Will you please give me a brief sketch of the life of Thomas Corwin, M. C. When was he a member of Congress? Did he not use some treasonable remarks in regard to the soldiers and the war, and was it the war of the rebellion or the Mexican war?

The Hon. Thomas Corwin was born in Bourbon County, Ky., July 29, 1794, and died in Washington, D. C., December 15, 1865. He was reared on a farm, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1818, in Warren County, Ohio. He was elected to Congress in 1830. During the administration of Jackson and Van Buren he uniformly acted with the Whigs. In 1845, after having been elected Governor, he was elected United States Senator, and when in 1846 war with Mexico was affirmed to exist by the act of Mexico, he denounced the policy of the Executive and the party in power as an attempt to possess themselves of Mexican territory which they had failed to purchase by treaty. During Mr. Lincoln's canvas he supported him heartily, but was conservative on the subject of slavery, and favored a compromise in order to avert a conflict.

J. P. C., Sedalia, Colo.:

What are the principles of the Readjusters? When and by whom was the party organized?

The Readjusters have taken their origin from the enormous debt which has overburdened Virginia, the foundation of which was laid nearly half a century ago, in carrying out some extensive internal improvements. The financial ability of the public men of Virginia has not been equal to the proper care of this debt and it has grown larger from year to year, the interest has defaulted and the condition generally has become exceedingly deranged. Any number of schemes have been suggested for the solution of this problem, the most of which have involved "scaling" the debt, as it is called, which provides for throwing off part of the debt and giving the creditors long time bonds with low rates of interest for the balance. One of these latter plans forms the platform of the Readjuster party. It was started a few years ago, and is strongly opposed by the Regular Democratic party who profess to be in favor of paying the debt in full. Sen. William Mahone is one of the prominent promoters of the organization.

F. F., Big Spanuico, Wis :

1. Has homeopathy any advantages over alleopathy in the medical profession? If so, what or vice versa? 2. Which is the more sensible treatment? 3. How do physicians, practicing the former, rank with those practicing the latter? 4. How is isinglass made?

1, 2, 3. These are questions that cannot be satisfactorily answered, because each has its strong admirers and supporters, and the arguments will probably continue forever as to the efficiency of each school. In some localities the homeopaths are looked down upon and in others the alopaths are the ones who are slighted. 4. The best quality of isinglass is that which comes from Russia, being obtained from a species of fish called Zeluga that are found in the Caspian Sea, and the rivers flowing into it. The sound, or air bladder of this fish is cut open, washed and then exposed to the air, the inner silvry membrane outward. This membrane is then stripped off, placed in damp cloths, and kneaded in the hands. Taken out and dried it forms leaf Isinglass. The isinglass of New York and New England is obtained from the sounds of the codfish and lake, but it is of very poor quality.

J. W., Sheldon, Ill :

Can you give me the origin of the term "under the rose."

The phrase "under the rose" implying secrecy had its origin during the year 177 B. C., at which time Pausanias, commander of the Confederate fleet of the Spartans and Athenians, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the subjugation of Greece to the Persian rule, and for the hand of the monarch's daughter in marriage. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured "under the rose." Pausanias, however, was betrayed by one of his emissaries, who gave the counsellors of State a secret opportunity to hear from the lips of Pausacias himself the acknowledgment of his treason. To escape arrest, he fled to the Temple of Minerva, and, as the sanctity of the place forbade intrusion for violence or harm of any kind, the people walled up the edifice with stones and left him to die of starvation. His mother, the story goes, laid the first stone. It afterward became a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they desired to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate.

Antiquary, Dayton, O.:

Please give a description of the famous Gutenburg Bible recently sold at auction in New York, and how much it fetched.

The Gutenburg Bible, the first book printed with types, was printed within the years 1450 and 1455, and is in an excellent state of preservation. The text is the vulgate of St. Jerome, with his prologue, familiar only to scholars. The type is Gothic. The capitals are, many of them, emblazoned with ornamentation in gold, and the two volumes are in the original binding—thick oak boards sheathed in calf, beautifully stamped, protected at the corners with ornamented shields of brass, and decorated at the center with designs in the same metal and bosses. The edges of many of the leaves are uncut, and show traces of the cues of the rubricator. They are very broad, measuring 15¾ by 11¾ inches on the leaf. The book is without title pages; there is no pagination. The 641 leaves are printed in double columns of 42 lines each, and the initials and rubrico are in manuscript. The large folio volumes are of nearly equal thickness, the first, of 324 leaves ending with the Psalms, and the second, of 317, completing the text. One leaf of the first volume is in fac simile, and 16 of the second, these leaves having been torn out. The book was started at $5,000 and went up rapidly to $7,750, Mr. Brayton Ives bidding this amount. After a few minutes Mr. Hamilton Cole, a lawyer of New York City, bid $8,500 and secured the rare old book.

C. Adkins, Wayne, W. Va.:

How was vaccination discovered? Was it accidental or experimental? Give a history of it.

Vaccination was the result of the scientific investigation of the scholarly mind of Dr. Edward Jenner, who was born at Berkeley, Gloucestershire, May 17, 1749. He early made a study of small pox, and desired a preventative for it. He was led to continue the investigations, which finally resulted so satisfactorily by learning that the peasants of Gloucestershire believed that any one who had taken the cowpox, a mild disorder of the eruptive kind appearing on the udder of the animal, and communicated in a similar manner to their hands, was secure against infection of the small pox. Dr. Jenner began a serious investigation on the supposition that cowpox, as the milder disease, might advantageously supersede the inoculated small pox, which had been introduced about 50 years before; and as the latter is rendered less virulent by inoculation, so the former, introduced in the same way, might be milder than the casual complaint, and still retain its protecting power. It was not until after frequent experiments that he ascertained that only one form of the eruption on the cows udder had the property of protecting from small pox, and so great was his faith in his discovery that several of these experiments were made upon his own son, a boy six years of age. On May 14, 1796, he vaccinated a boy eight years of age, with virus taken from a pustule on the hand of a milkmaid, who had been infected by her master's cow. On July 1 the boy was inoculated for the small pox, and as Jenner had predicted, without the slightest effect. Jenner gave the world the benefit of his discovery, but no one had any faith in it, and it was not until a number of years afterward that it was accepted by the profession.

G. W. H., Campbell Hill, Ill :

1. In the face of the warning and penalties named in Revelations xxii. 18-19 what authority can the revisers of the New Testament show, or what excuses make, for the deductions and additions made by them in revising the Book? 2. What effect will the publication and circulation of their altered Scriptures have on Christianity and infidelity? Will it not prove detrimental to the former and have a tendency to increase the latter? 3. Do all Christian organizations agree that a revision was proper and necessary, and is it probable that the new revision will be generally accepted as the true word of God? 4. Please give the names of some of the most prominent American divines who have been engaged in the revision.

1. The warning and penalties referred to apply only to the Book of Revelations. Even if they applied to the whole New Testament, they would only encourage the revisers, who are honestly striving to omit the unwarranted additions made by ancient copyists—and which are found not to exist in the oldest manuscripts. It is only within the last century that manuscripts have come to light, from 14 to 16 centuries old. At the time our English Bible was translated, the oldest available MSS. dated no earlier than 900 A. D. 2. If the Book be so "doctored" as to be made truly *whole* (and we do not doubt that will be found the tendency), it will help Christianity. Christianity does not depend on the throwing of a charm about the phrases of the Bible. It depends on the supernatural Christ, His teaching and His resurrection, demonstrated by institutions by the church, by secular histories, by the New Testament as a humane book, &c., as well as by the New Testament, considered as inspired. 3. In several denominations there is no "organization" except individual congregations, which number tens of thousands. Formal "agreement" has therefore not been sought, but the weight of expressed opinions has favored a revision. Till we obtain the new book we cannot judge whether the work has been well done. The ability and care of the men who have labored, incline us to think they have wrought well. 4. Drs. Philip Schoff, New York City; Wm. Henry Green, Princeton; Theo. Woolsey, New Haven; Matthew Riddle, Hartford, &c., &c.

Homestead Laws.

J. F. Butler, Clinton, Mo., writes to the BLADE as follows:

TOLEDO, O., March 28, 1881.

Editor Answers to Correspondents Department—Please allow space for the answer of a question asked in one of the March numbers pertaining to the Homestead law of Government lands: 1. A soldier of the late war (no matter what length the term of service may be) may give power of attorney to lay his first filing, which holds the land six months from date of said filing, at which time the person represented in said filing must locate on the land in person; that is, homestead said land, and move on with family, if he be the head of such. Your term of service, long or short, will be deducted from your term of five years, which the law compels every homesteader to live on land. 2. A soldier may serve five or 10 years in the United States service, yet the Homestead law requires him to reside one year on homestead entry before he can make final proof. I would advise persons that are in doubt in regard to this matter to write to J. H. Williamson, General Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C., for a copy of the Homestead Law.

Information Wanted.

W. Procek, Blacburn, Christian Co., Ill., would like the address of James Murphy. Last heard from he was in Texas.

Terry Ketcham, New London, Henry County, Ia., wants the address of Rogers T. Birge; when last heard from he was in Rice County, Minn.

Charles Paeder, Fairbury, Neb., wishes to know the whereabouts of George B. Taylor, late Lieutenant in the 5th United States Colored Cavalry.

Mattie A. Gibson, Moundsville, Marshall Co., West Va., wants the address of John E. Gibson, who left Wheeling, W. Va., in 1868 or '69, a printer by trade.

A. H. Brown, Redden, Butler Co., Kans., wants the address of William H C. Ferguson, supposed to have been heard from last in Dakota Territory.

Wm. H. Kennedy, Maple Plain, Hennepin County, Minn., wants information as to the whereabouts of his brother Jackson Sylvester Kennedy, who left Allegheny City in 1864.

Albert W. Orser, Red Wing, Goodhue County, Minn., wants to know the postoffice address of "Curley" Stevens and —— "Carpenter," with whom he messed at Andersonville prison. Both belonged to the 5th or 7th Mich. Cav.

J. W. Barnes, Boyne Falls, Mich., wants the address of Dr. Oscar Parker; his former postoffice address was Parishville, N. Y.; also the postoffice address of Henry Colby, whose postoffice address was the same place, Parishville N. Y.

If Ausband Stonestreet and his sister Belinda, (sone and daughter of Richard H Stonestreet) if living, or if not living, any of their heirs, will address A. Stonestreet, Jordans Run, Grant Co., W. Va., they will learn something of much importance to them.

W. F. Meyers, Chillicothe, O., would like to have the address of some person or persons who were acquainted with John A. Myers, of Co. I, 18th regiment O. V. I., while a prisoner at Vicksburg. He was taken at Chickasaw Bluffs, December 30 or 31, 1862.

George W. Kennedy, Ramsey, Ill., wants the address of Samuel Curry, Henry Young, Samuel Singo, George Mays, Mack Faden, Benjamin Lucker, Charlie Payne, John Oats, Thomas Tully, First Lieut. Fox, Capt. Donne, Capt. Morton, belonging to the 3d Ohio Cavalry, Company A.

S. C. Stonestreet, Cherry Camp, Harrison Co., West Va., wants to hear from or receive the postoffice address of some one or more of the heirs of Edward Stonestreet, who, it is supposed, moved from Virginia to Kentucky in the early part of the 18th century. Any information from them will be gladly received.

E. B. Keneipp, Mt. Carmel, Wabash County, Ill., wants the address of Dr. P. S. Conner, late Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, who was in charge of the hospital at Ft. Columbus, Governor's Island, N. Y.; also that of Dr. Robert Fione, medical officer of the United States steamer "Stettin" in January, 1865.

John S. McCreight, Sunbeam, Mercer County, Ill., wants the postoffice address of Capt. Holcom who was in command of the Pioneer Corps attached to Gen. M. D. Leggett's Division of the 17th Army Corps. Also that of the Surgeon of the Pioneer Corps of the same command in the year 1864; also that of the Surgeon of the post hospital at Cairo same year (1864).

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

If J. H. Smith, Fairview, will give his full address the error will be corrected.

Will Blair Stevens, who complains of not receiving his book, give his full postoffice address?

If G. W. Kridler, Marysville, will give his full Postoffice address, the complaint will be looked up.

Letter containing $1.10, dated Lancaster, no County or State, signed Geo. D. Utt.

Will Peter Shirta, San Juan, give his full Postoffice address, and the matter will be adjusted at once.

If J. E. Morrison will give his full Postoffice address the error he alludes to will be corrected.

Letter containing $1.60 for Blade and book entitled "Lacy Lenora," signed J. C. Beeson, no Postoffice, County or State.

Letter containing $1.30 signed Jas. Dinwiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Mrs. Sprague and Sen. Conkling.

Washington Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is now residing here, and is a constant visitor to the Senate gallery. She made her first appearance last Monday, after a long absence. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written relative to herself and Sen. Conkling, the two maintain the most intimate public social relations. On her first visit Mrs. Sprague seated herself in the gallery in such a position as to command a view of Conkling's desk at all times. The Senator seemed aware of her presence, and many were the sly glances and quiet smiles exchanged between the two. They acted like a pair of young lovers. By a strange coincidence the crimson silk handkerchief which nestled so cosily in Conkling's coat pocket was of the same hue as that which encircled the neck of the "dainty Kate." Once during the proceedings the attention of all present was drawn to this couple. The Senator called a page and in a rather low tone directed him to Mrs. Sprague. The boy carried her a note, and a simple nod after its reception was the answer. Mrs. Sprague is not the bright and vivacious woman that she was a few years ago. She smiles in a mechanical sort of way, has an abstracted air about her, and reminds one of a person who is doing one thing and thinking of half a dozen others. She dresses in good style, with no attempt at gaudiness.

A Realization of Great Expectations.

In the large steam sugar refinery of Messrs. McKean, Newhall & Borie, on Church Alley, in Philadelphia, has worked for many a year a middle aged laborer, popular with his comrades and generally well liked, one William J. Haw, who invested one dollar regularly in a half ticket of the Louisiana State Lottery, enclosing the money to M. A. Dauphin, No 319 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., or to the same person at New Orleans, La. He realized last month and got half of the second capital prize of $10,000. Who will be the next to be saved from want?

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves, kidneys, urinary and genital organs of man and women ever known. Send for circulars to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass

SPEAKING ABOUT CATS.

Some Fragments from Essays, One of Which May Get a Prize.

New York Times.

Mr. G. B. Bunnell, who has a cat-show at his museum, corner of Broadway and Ninth street, offered before the opening of the show, a prize for the best essay on cats. The result is that Mr. Bunnell's office is now flooded with poetic, comic, serious and historic effusions from all parts of the country. A female essayist treats of the subject at great length. She says that the old Egyptians worshiped cats. When the family cat died a natural death the members of the household shaved their eyebrows in sorrow. The body was embalmed and buried in a spot consecrated to cats. They were never killed by the Egyptians, and a Roman who accidentally caused the death of a cat, was set upon by an infuriated mob and sacrificed to their fury. The Roman's name and former address are withheld out of respect to his family. The sad event casts a gloom over the entire community.

There are some curious superstitions connected with the cat, according to this yearning for Mr. Bunnell's prize. When the cat washes itself it is a sign of good weather; when it licks itself against the grain, or washes its face over its ears, or sits with its tail to the fire, the weather will be bad. If there is to be a wedding in the house, the bride may consider herself very fortunate if the cat sneezes the day before. In Bavaria a cat of red, white and black is called a fire-cat, and in some villages such cats are thrown in the flames of a burning house instead of water to quench the flames. It is also supposed that their presence in a house will prevent fever. When America was discovered no cats were found here, not even wild ones. The American cats are descendants of those brought over from Europe by the first settlers.

A "New York journalist," who is also anxious for the prize, sends an essay of exactly 1,000 words. The origin of house cats, he says, is obscure. This is undoubtedly true in many cases. Arab legends trace the cat back to Noah's ark, where, the story runs, it was sneezed from a lion's nostrils. Its known history dates back 3,558 years, or 1,688 years before the Christian era. It is a native of Egypt, and was there held sacred to Isis. In Greek annals the first recorded cats belonged to Theocritus. The white-breasted marten preceded it as a mouse killer. In Rome and ancient Britain cats were rare. Pliny mentions them, and the Cæsars painted them on their banners. In the Middle Ages they were held as emblems of sorcery and witchcraft. St. Dominic describes the cat as an uncanny animal, whose form the Devil often assumed. It is related that an architect invoked Satan's aid to build a bridge. Satan consented on condition that the first who crossed it should forfeit his soul. The architect sent over a cat, which scratched the Devil's face. In Germany black cats are kept from children as evil omens, and their appearance in sickness denotes death. The cats from the Isle of Malta, Russia, Japan, Turkey, Sicily, and Mexico all possess the features of the ancient Egyptian breed.

A Schenectady essayist says that reference is made to the cat in Sanscrit writings 2,000 years old, and still more ancient records of it are to be found in the monumental figures and cat mummies of Egypt. The gloved cat of Nubia (Felis maniculata), which also appears as a mummy, approaches most nearly in size and in the tapering form of the tail to the domestic cat. The difficulty of recognizing this ancestor in any single wild species has led many naturalists to the conclusion that the common cat (Felis domestica) is the product of many crossings or species commingled. In country districts specimens of the domestic cat that run wild are by no means uncommon, and having once tasted wild food it is afterward indifferent to rats and mice, but there are few animals more destructive to poultry and game. The old Latin proverb, "Coteis amat pisces sed aquos introre recusat" (the cat likes fish, but don't like to go in the water), is hardly correct, as cats have frequently been known to overcome their aversion to water in order to gratify their taste for fish.

A poor student in the Connecticut Literary Institution at Suffield, Conn., who is working his way through college, sends a short essay and an urgent letter asking the Committee to "Please let me know at once concerning the prize." The essay is as follows: "The cat is a domestic animal. She is the smallest of the family of the great cat tribe. This tribe comprises the lion, tiger, panther, and other fierce animals, but the household cat is a very domestic creature."

A young lady, gifted in the matter of adjectives, is very indignant that the law does not recognize property in cats. She writes: "Now, if a man steals from me my blind, maimed, sprained, foundered, got-the-heaves, kicking, knock-kneed, bob tailed balking horse, or if he steals my old brindle, hooking, scraggy, sell-for nothing and dear at that and always kicks over the milkpail cow, or my howling, barking, yelling, yelping, mangy, tailless, hydrophobic dog, or my screeching, screaming, swearing so that all the neighbors complain of it and one old lady said that she would speak to the police and that it was shameful and unneighborly parrot, the law will punish him."

The briefest and most comprehensive of all the essays is from a man who says he has not had a good night's sleep in a year, as follows: "Damn all cats any way."

THE MODERN ATHENIAN.

He Has Too Much Politics.

Harper's Magazine.

Spare, nervous, thin or face, restless eyed, quick and energetic of speech, is the modern Athenian. The groups of men who sent themselves towsrd evening at the little tables which fill the streets before the principal cafés, as they talk politics over their little cups of black coffee, or their glasses of water and wine, gesticulate with that energy of action in conversation which marks the passionate son of the South. Often the Athenian carries in his hand a string of beads, not for religious purposes, but that he may relieve himself of excessive electricity by shifting them through his fingers as he bargains and talks—a safety valve and a re assuring process akin to the Yankee's whittling. He is keenly sensitive to every word you utter, quick to take your meaning, and polite as a Frenchman in ready deference to your expressed opinion; but none the less he holds firmly to his own belief unless you have convinced his reason. This he may not tell you. He may leave you to infer that you have won him over; and thus he has sometimes laid himself open to the charge of duplicity and deceit where he meant only to be credited with politeness.

The Situation Satisfactory.

Buffalo Express.

The President will stand by Robertson until he withdraws. Robertson will not withdraw so long as the President stands by him. Both can see as far into a millstone as the next man, and they know that the pressure for withdrawal means that rejection has been found to be impossible. The machine is looking for a hole through which to escape from the dilemma it has itself created. The situation is satisfactory!

Wait Till Grant Gets Back.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

One result of the stirring up of the Shiloh battle at Cincinnati last week will probably be a personal quarrel between Grant and Sherman. The paper read by Sherman before the Society of the Army of the Tennessee makes Grant a prevaricator of the most exaggerated type, and when the old man gets back from Mexico there will be military music.

Louisville Home and Farm.

Frank O. Herring, Esq., of the Champion Safe Works, 251 and 253 Broadway, New York, reports the use of St. Jacobs Oil for a stiffness of the shoulder, with most pleasant and efficacious effects.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is an invaluable dressing for inflamed and sore joints. Price 25c.

READY BLOWS.

The Manners of Russian Police.

St. Petersburg Letter to the London Telegraph.

These wild cavaliers of the Don and the Ukraine are doing excellent good service in preserving the peace of the city, the streets of which, in couples, they continually patrol. Mounted on his little wiry screw of a pony, with the oldest military seat in the saddle it is possible to conceive, with his oilskin-covered shako like a saucepan without a handle, swatched in his gray gaberdine, with his *bashlik*, or kerchiefed hood, and his long lance with a red staff, the Cossack all booted, bearded, spurred and armed to the teeth as he is, I cannot help fancying to be in the main far less ferocious than he looks. As a soldier he is heroically brave; but as a military policeman he is not so very ill-natured. His terrible whip with the short stock makes a fearful noise when it is cracked; but I imagine that it frightens people more than it hurts them.

For example, on the day of the funeral procession the people were strictly forbidden to cross the ice-bound river, or even to venture on the bosom of the Neva at all, and a large detachment of Cossacks was told off to enforce the order. Of course, the people did try to cross the river hundreds of times, and it was a rare sight to see them chased over the ice and snow by the Cossacks, uttering wild hurrahs of menace; but when the delinquents; after much dodging and doubling, were finally run down by the Cossacks, they were usually dismissed with a little harmless bullying, and a flick of the whip, to all appearance more ceremonious than afflictive.

"La Russie," said the Marquis de Custine, "est un pays ou tout le monde donne des coups," and although corporal punishment of all kinds has long since been abolished by law throughout the Empire, it is certain that vast numbers of the people were smitten by the hands of authority on the day of translation of the imperial remains. But these acts of physical coercion did not, as a rule, extend beyond a harmless punching of heads. One pasty-faced young gentleman, in a sheep skin, with a muffin cap, who, in the midst of a dense struggling mob beneath the window whence I viewed the *cortege*, had been dragged from off one of the cannon which formed a solid barrier of bronze between the mob and the roadway of the Nicholas Bridge, was incautious enough to strike full in the breast the gendarme who had collared him. It was all over, I thought, with that pasty faced young gentleman. The mines of Siberia, or enchainment to a wheelbarrow in the Caucusus must be the most lenient doom that he could expect; he got off, however, with having his head thoroughly well punched by at least 15 successive gendarmes, and at last an agent of authority leant down from his saddle as the culprit was borne past him, and administered to the pasty-faced young man, with his large buckskin covered hand, several stinging boxes on the ear, which, for a moment at least, must have stimulated the circulation in the pallid cheek of the wearer of the muffin cap. But chastisement went no further. I thought at least that they would have "run him in;" but no, the 15 gendarmes dismissed him with a fearful shower of of clouts and cuffs, and sent him flying into the midst of a mass of moujiks. I caught sight of him, about half an hour afterward, carefully climbing up one of the street telegraph posts, from which exalted altitude at the risk of disturbing the insulation of the wires, he watched the passage of the pageant with a countenance bearing more a cheerful than a chastened expression.

Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.

The great popularity of this safe and efficacious preparation is alone attributable to its intrinsic worth. In the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Scrofulous Humors, and all Consumptive Symptoms, it has no superior, if equal. Let no one neglect the early symptoms of disease, when an agent is at hand which will cure all complaints of the Chest, Lungs or Throat. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

THE U. S. Government uses Howe Scales. Send for Catalog to Borden, Selleck & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

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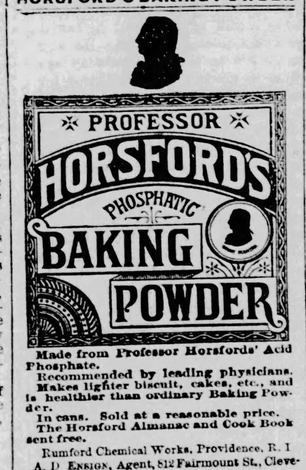

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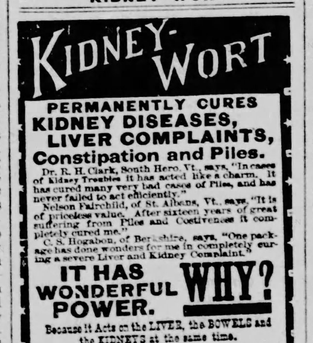
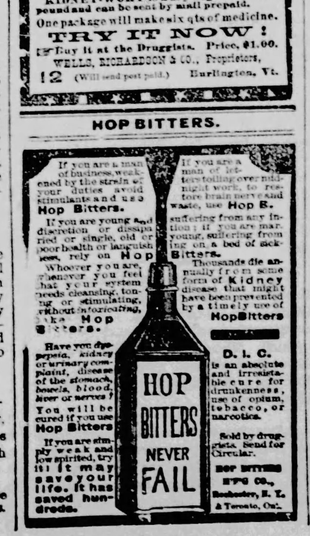


HOP BITTERS.



SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Buy the Genuine Dr. Ricord's Restorative Pills.

This celebrated French remedy is a Specific for Exhausted Vitality, Loss of Memory, and Nervous Debility. Approved by the Academy of Medicine of Paris, and such physicians as Sir H. Thompson, Dr. Blanchard, Dr. Chevalier, Dr. Perigord and others, and the great chemist Liebig. Boxes of 50, $1.50; boxes of 100, $2.75; of 200, $5; of 400, $8. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Each box of the genuine has the signature of R. L. DESNOS, No. 28 Beekman street, New York, Sole agent for the United States and Canada. See fac-simile of Dr Ricord's letter, published in this paper March 17.

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We send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts, and other electric appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men only who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Illustrated pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

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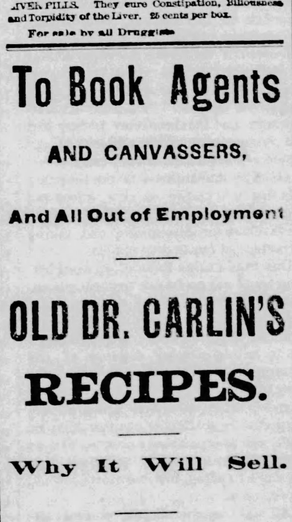

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For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the great

THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1881.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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Circulation this Week, 75,000

NASBY IN EUROPE.

As heretofore announced, the Rev. PETROLEUM V. NASBY will shortly sail for Europe, and his series of letters to the BLADE will commence early in May. As these letters will be published only in the BLADE, and as the whole American public will desire to read them, we are making extraordinary efforts to accommodate our facilities to meet the great additional circulation that will in consequence come to us. Everybody not now taking the BLADE should subscribe at once, as we will not be able to furnish back numbers. We are preparing to announce a very desirable short-time offer, including an elegant portrait of D. R. LOCKE, of same size, and equal in execution to the GARFIELD portrait we presented last year. Inasmuch as we cannot afford short-time subscriptions as low as yearly ones, we would suggest to the thousands that they come in for a year at our special offer, which will close with the last day of April.

SATURDAY is the favorite marriage day in Paris.

WHO will gobble the new telegraph company?

THE ravages of the plague in Bagdad are described as terrible.

BLADE catalogue of cheap books sent to any address on application.

IT is the deadlock between Winter and Spring that disturbs the country most.

SEND the names of your friends who would like a specimen of the Weekly BLADE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Erie *Dispatch* wants to know "when the new Bible goes into effect."

THE man who failed to buy pork at $13, failed to get his little canoe afloat on the tide that leads to fortune.

THE Boers in South Africa are banding themselves together in a refusal to buy any more English goods or manufactures.

THEY have a young man in Georgia who has a monomaniacal fear of wind. Poor fellow, he will never dare go into the Capitol while Congress is in session.

ONLY 20 houses remain standing in the island of Chios, and 45 villages have been completely destroyed. Population in some localities has absolutely disappeared.

THE total yield of cotton in this country for the past year is placed at 6,422,000 bales. Planting this year is 15 days late in consequence of unfavorable weather.

AN agency for Dr. CARLIN's Recipe Book, is valuable property. A postal card addressed to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, will bring you full particulars.

VIRGINIANS now assert that MAHONE, while President of the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, spent $100,000 of the English bondholders' money buying up newspapers and giving dinners, in order to make himself a political quantity in the State.

OUR cheap books are being rapidly exhausted. Send in your orders at once. We have determined to close out this branch of our business, and there never will be another such an opportunity for cheap books.

PERU is having a hard time to raise the $1,000,000 demanded by the Chilians but the most energetic efforts are being made. A national loan has been called for to bear a yearly interest of six per cent., and to be repaid in Government paper at the rate of three and a half pence per paper dollar. Business has not yet revived.

MRS. BLAINE, Mrs. SHERMAN and a number of other prominent ladies in Washington, have sent out a letter addressed to the People of the United States, asking for contributions for the suffering survivors of the terrible calamity at Scio. It is a most earnest appeal and will, doubtless, meet with a ready response from a people whose ears are never closed to cries for assistance. All sums forwarded for the purpose to the banking house of RIGGS & Co., Washington, will be acknowledged in the daily papers of that City, and immediately applied to the purpose for which they are asked.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

LAST Thursday the dull monotony of the dead lock in the Senate was broken by a sharp tilt between Sen. DAWES and several Democratic Senators, and a little later by a bitter altercation between Sens. MAHONE and HILL. Both of these are described at length in our telegraphic columns. The deservedly severe terms applied to HILL caused a lively sensation, but nothing more came of it, and the usual dead calm soon brooded over the scene. The usual reports of a speedy break up of the dead lock are current as we go to press, but the prospect for this is not good for another week, to say the least, as there will have to be speeches from Sens. EDMUNDS, FRYE, CONGER and HARRISON, and it is expected that Lord ROSCOE will air his views and his grievances at an early day. The outlook is far from encouraging.

THE tardy Spring still delays the opening of the business season, but despite this railway and other enterprises are pushing out with a vigor that must soon produce stupendous results. When the season does open it will be with a flood tide of business already accumulated.

CONFLICTING reports come in concerning the damage done the wheat and fruit crops by the severe Winter. The majority of these are, however, quite gloomy, but it must be remembered, on the other hand, that this is the time when everything looks the worst. A week of sunshine will put a more cheerful face on fields and orchards.

A COMPROMISE is hinted at which will ease off the strain upon the ROBERTSON issue. It is believed that the Conklingites have manifested a willingness to permit ROBERTSON's confirmation upon the President's representation that he will not let the Custom House at New York be used as a political machine, and against them. This will also involve that no Conkling men are to be removed from positions there because they are Conkling men, nor no Anti Conkling men appointed for that reason.

THE death of Lord BEACONSFIELD will, at this juncture, have little effect upon political affairs in Great Britain. His party is not now in the ascendant and it is not proble will be very soon. His influence, when he chose to exert it, was still potent in Parliament. Lord SALISBURY will probably be his successor as leader of the Conservatives.

THE five Russian Nihilists condemned to death for the assassination of the Emperor ALEXANDER II. were hung last Friday, at St. Petersburg, in the presence of about 100,000 people. All except one maintained their composure to the very last, and the woman SOPHIE PEROFFSKY was said to be the most stoical of all. An order has been issued forbidding all males between the ages of 10 and 18 years to leave Russia without the consent of the Government.

A NEW Italian Cabinet has been nearly formed from the party of the Right. The Premier, QUINTINO SELLO, is called one of the best financiers in Europe. He is not inclined to war, and will not be likely to plunge into one with France without severe provocation. His efforts will be in the direction of paying off the National debt, and still farther lowering the taxes.

THE proposal of the Porte conveyed by the Powers to the Greek Government for the settlement of the boundary question has caused the greatest excitement among the people, especially the Athenians, which the Greek Premier is trying to allay by the assurance that the matter is not yet decided, but the reply of Greece simply demands assurances upon several points. A monster meeting was called for Sunday at Athens to protest against the proposed settlement.

AFFAIRS in Tunis are yet threatening. The Bey still remains firm in his refusal to permit the entrance of French troops into his territory. The French are equally determined to punish the Kroumirs. The outcome is uncertain.

CHINA still opposes the building of railways within her borders. The questions was recently brought up in the Imperial Council and vetoed, though the interest taken in it in high quarters promises well for the future.

THE gold discoveries in Alaska have some sort of foundation. During the last three or four years parties of prospectors and miners have explored portions of the Alaska coast within 100 miles of Sitka, and some discoveries have been made which appeared to promise well. One of the mines is situated near Sitka, and several years ago a small mill was set up near that place to crush ore. Owing, it is asserted, more to bad management than to the poor quality of the ore, this enterprise has never yielded a profit to its promoters. It is understood that a mining expert, who was recently sent to make a thorough examination of the mine, reported on his return that by an outlay of $50,000 for development the company would secure paying returns from its investment. Small placers have been discovered along the coast, and have been profitably worked for several years by small numbers of men. Several of these placers lie in a newly discovered region on the coast, about 200 miles north of Sitka and about 200 miles from the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. This new Eldorado is called Harris District.

PRINCE BISMARCK, it is said, entirely disapproves of the petition which has been circulating throughout Germany for the last six months aiming at imposing restrictions upon the immigration of the Jews. Probably he understands that the day has past when unjust discriminations can safely be made against any people. Besides the Empire has been more than once indebted to the Jews for money to carry out the purposes of the Government. Whatever else may be affirmed of them, it is certain that they are thrifty and industrious, accumulating and keeping wealth beyond any other class. Persecution is senseless in the extreme and would seem to remand a nation indulging in it back to the Dark Ages.

No girl should ever consent to marry a young man till he can show that he is possessed of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes." Without it perfect housekeeping is impossible. The Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, will answer inquiries as to its sale.

On a telegraphic hint from a friend in Omaha, S. J. Tilden subscribed $250 for the relief of the Dakota sufferers.

AN INDICTMENT OF WEST POINT.

Gen. SHERMAN is doing West Point a very poor service in recalling attention to the history of the first day at Shiloh. The principal excuse for West Point is that it trains officers in the theory and art of warfare on a large scale. If it does not do this it does nothing that justifies its existence, because the mere teaching of tactics and drill could be done quite as well in actual service. It is absurd to put a cadet through a course of four years, at a cost of $8,000, if he is to be taught no more than a drill Sergeant would teach in a few months service in a company.

There is a carefully inculcated superstition that the alumni of the Military Academy are sent forth from its sacred and warlike shades, equipt like the "gallant militarist" PAROLLES, who "had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger."

Gen. SHERMAN's attempted defense of the dispositions of that day raises the question in the minds of thinking people, whether a West Point education may not actually unfit the mind for a wise judgment on the larger operations of war. According to his own statement C. F. SMITH, GRANT, and himself—all West Point graduates of more than respectable standing, and of much proficiency in the art of warfare as taught in the school on the Hudson—were solely responsible for the position of the Army of the Tennesse on the morning of April 6, 1862.

Now what did these educated Generals—these carefully schooled commanders do? They moved a force of 32,000 men to the side of a large river nearest the enemy, who was but 18 miles distant from their landing place. They knew, or should have known that this enemy had already a large force in hand, and was rapidly increasing it, for they had given him weeks of notice of their objective point. Every private in their army knew that the enemy's force was in the first instance nearly as large as their own, and every hour increased its strength.

But with a fatuity that seems akin to that madness which the gods send upon those whom they would destroy, they divided, disjointed, reduced to incoherence their forces, committing the most flagrant offense against military rules. They sent one division—8,000 strong—to Crump's Landing, several miles away from the main body, and they provided no sufficient roads or other means of communication by which it could be swiftly recalled in the event of need.

The remaining 24,000 men they scattered over a large open plateau, very much as each commander chose to select his camping-ground. There was no common front, no general line of defense, no commander over all the forces. Great gaps intervened between the divisions. Not a spadeful of earth was thrown up as fortifications, not an obstruction to the advance of an enemy was made anywhere.

Instead of following the great maxim of war, which is to do what your enemy would not have you do, they did precisely the reverse. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON and BEAUREGARD, if they had the arrangement of the Union forces, would not have done it differently.

Let it be remembered all the time that this was in a hostile country, where the enemy's commanders have always superior facilities for discovering and taking advantage of faulty dispositions.

One would think that defective soldiership could not go farther towards encompassing the destruction of an army. But it did. It left the front so imperfectly watched that the Rebel Army marched up to within striking distance of our advanced division the night before the attack, and 50,000 Rebels lay within cannon shot of the Union Army, all unsuspected by soldiers or commanders. So little was their presence suspected that no intimation was given to the division at Crump's Landing, that its presence would be desirable.

All night long the Rebels studied our lines of campfire, and gained accurate information as to the details of our position by this means and by their scouts. At daybreak they fell upon the advanced division like an avalanche.

The point SHERMAN insists on so fiercely: that he was not surprised; that no men were bayoneted while asleep in their tents, but that his division was in line awaiting the approach of the enemy, is of no consequence.

The real point is that he entirely failed to know or appreciate what was going on in his front, and allowed the whole army to be surprised by the attack of an overwhelming force, which crushed its divisions one after another and drove their fragments back toward the river.

It is simply wicked for him to try to lay the responsibility for the disasters of that day upon the greenness and timidity of the volunteer troops. No troops in the world could have stood an attack in such fatally defective battle array, with both their flanks in air, and the enemy sssaulting in such force as to be able to attack the front and flanks of each successive division at the same time. The stand made by the raw Western troops is one of the marvels of our War. They clung to their grounds with a tenacity, and suffered and inflicted a loss that was only equaled at the bitterly contested fight of Franklin. None of the European wars of this century have shown such unflinching standing up to bloody work. If the natural soldiership of the men had been anything as defective as the natural leadership of their commanders, the Army of the Tennessee would have been simply obliterated before noon on that dreadful Sunday.

If this is the way that West Point prepares her alumni for the great emergencies of war, the less we have of it the better.

The only men in the Army of the Tennessee who seemed to have any conception of the imminence of the situation were the "Mustangs"—the officers from civil life, whose training in business pursuits had developt and strengthened their common sense. Cols. BUCKLAND, COERILL, SULLIVAN and HILDEBRAND understood well that a storm cloud was gathering, and they tried to prepare for it, but they were pooh-poohed, and overruled by the superior genius who had been educated at the Military Academy. Col. BUCKLAND was actually reprimanded by Gen. SHERMAN for doing what common sense suggested for the protection of his front, and if SHERMAN'S division was not surprised, it was because Col. BUCKLAND had taught the Rebel reconnoitering parties to keep a respectable distance, and had established a strong guard over his front.

Unquestionably, GRANT and SHERMAN learned rapidly in the school of the war, and they never repeated their mistakes, but that was a terrible mistake at Shiloh, and SHERMAN is injuring his own reputation by trying to deny it and throw the blame on others.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

Lord BEACONSFIELD is dead. This will be no matter of surprise to those who have watched the daily reports of his condition, and noted that while he seemed to grow no worse from day to day, neither did he gain in strength. At his age the gradual sapping of vitality under the stress of so long a sickness must prove fatal.

Not a crowned head of Europe could have lain down to his eternal rest, whose silence would have been so much felt. So many years he has been one of the principal, and the shrewdest as well, of the players upon the chess-board of European politics that his influence had come to be a necessary factor. Was there a difficult game to be played, he was the man to study the intricate moves, puzzle all the other diplomats, and finish by winning the game for Great Britain.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI was born Dec. 31, 1805, and was consequently a little more than 76 years of age. He was educated at home, and early conceived the idea of devoting himself to literature, refusing to become a lawyer, as was the wish of his father, and a friend who had won success in that direction. At 19 he began to write, and gave to the world "Vivian Gray," which made his reputation. From that time through the whole of his long life, he never entirely laid down his pen, devoting himself in his leisure hours to writing and publishing the results to the world as they were finished.

It is, however, his political life which possesses more interest for people than his literary work. He was ambitious to enter Parliament, and several defeats only whetted the keen edge of his desires. In the first part of VICTORIA's reign, when he was 32, he was made representative of the conservative borough of Maidstone. Everybody is familiar with the story of his first lamentable failure in speech-making, and of his sitting down amid a rude clamor and sounding hisses, uttering the prediction "the time will come when you will hear me." The time did come when no man in either House was greeted with more expectant curiosity, rewarded with closer attention, or received more ready and earnest applause than did he. And yet he was no ideal orator. His voice was powerful, but he handled it mechanically, or as if he were constantly pulling out the stops, putting down the pedals and pressing the keys. His gestures were vehement, and yet always angular and stiff. One writer says of him that his voice and gestures seemed to bear no closer relations to each other, than they do in the composite game of the children's orator, when the head of one declaims above a curtain, while the arms of another whose body is also concealed, makes the gestures. But even so he wields a wonderful power in his speeches, and has as is known a great success as a ministerial leader.

One cannot but admire and respect the determination with which he always kept the fact of his Jewish parentage before the public, and yet became a master in spite of hate and prejudice. This is the more remarkable when the influences of his childhood are considered. His grandmother is said to have hated the Jewish race with a bitter detestation. He says that she felt her social degradation as a Jewess so much that it embittered her whole life, and drove from her every tender thought and feeling. His father withdrew from the world to wrap himself in his literary projects. It had disinherited and proscribed him and he let it pass him by on the other side. The son differed from both, in that he would not ignore his birth, deny even by silence his ancestry, but taking the nation by the throat compelled it to do him homage whether it liked or no. He obtained the highest position it was possible for an English subject to reach. He was Prime Minister twice and a peer of the realm.

In 1839, he married the widow of his friend and colleague in the representation of Maidstone. Altho considerably his senior, the marriage was eminently a happy one, and he ascribes much of his success in life to her influence. She died in December, 1872.

That Lord BEACONSFIELD had much to contend with in his career, none will deny. No one can forget the great Irish agitator's scathing reply to the name of "bloody traitor" applied to him by the former. "For aught I know," said O'CONNELL, "the present DISRAELI is the true heir at law of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross." It was the severest thing he could have said, and no doubt was bitter enough to the young Jewish aspirant for political honors.

He is dead, and his name and deeds now pass into history, where they will take no mean position. Great Britain boasts of many great men in her past, and she will add now another, whose glory will grow brighter the farther removed it is from personal and party prejudices. She will enroll among her illustrious dead the name of BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield.

A GENTLEMAN just returned from Cuba says that the taxes there are so frightfully large that the people are impoverished, and the sugar crop, which used to return a profit of from 15 to 20 per cent., now yields almost nothing. Cubans like Americans, but the Spanish regard them with great dislike. Not half the regard is paid to the rights of our citizens as to those of the English, for the reason that the British Consul's requests are enforced by the presence of a man-of-war, while the United States Consul has no means of compelling respect. In the present state of our marine this can hardly be remedied.

WE are having a great demand for Nasby's new humorous pamphlet, "The Diary of an Office Seeker," advertised in another column at 15 cents each, postpaid by mail. The other pamphlets, "Nasby as a Banker" and "Democratic John Bunyan," are also having a large sale at 10 cents each.

A DISPOSITION is shown among Western Republican Representatives to combine on a candidate for Speaker, and Gen. J. W. KEIFER has an excellent chance for being the choice of such a combination.

MAHONE'S "REPROOF VALIANT."

Sen. MAHONE has stood all the verbal bullying hectoring that he intends to. He proposes to end that style of thing as any man of spirit would, and be treated in the future as his own self-respect demands. His treatment of BEN HILL yesterday will be generally applauded. HILL's course towards the Senator from Virginia has been one of insufferable insolence, that a much meeker man than the fiery ex-Rebel General would hardly have endured so long as he has.

Before MAHONE was warm in his seat HILL attacked him with a savageness that the Senate has long been a stranger to. He lectured him as a domineering pedagog would an offending school-boy, and has wound up by imputing to him the basest and most dishonorable motives. Sen. MAHONE has promptly taken the only course left to him, if he did not propose to suffer the indignity in silence. He confronted HILL, forced him to drop the insinuations and cowardly evasions with which he would cover his retreat from a disagreeable position, and when he was at last pinned down to an explicit statement, promptly denounced him as a coward and a liar.

These epithets are not among those permitted by the Senate's rules of etiquet, and we will have much said about the violation of the decorum of that dignified body. But whatever they may be technically they do not approach the derogation of the Senate's dignity involved in the free aspersions of a Senator's motives which have provoked these words. No terms that leap to a man's mouth in the bitterness of indignation at the insults heaped upon him, can be as disgraceful to the Senate as the studied defamation of a Senator's character, and continued imputation to him of sordid venality and criminal betrayal of trust.

Mr. HILL will probably take no farther notice of this branding to which he has been subjected. It is no unusual thing for him to be designated as a liar and a coward by his opponents in political discussion. In his own State it is believed to happen quite frequently. He takes these as any other common scold does, without feeling that he is called upon to resent them; except by an added virulence to his own tongue.

But it is probable that we will now have a cessation of the assaults upon Mr. MAHONE. There are few men who covet the application of such round terms as he bestowed on HILL, and certainly none among the overpoweringly dignified Senators. And high reputation for courage give, these epithets a sting and directness that they would not have from the mouth of a man of less distinguished gallantry. The entire readiness of MAHONE to back up his words with any amount of action will make Bulldozing Senators extremely wary about provoking him in the future.

THE first public exhibition of Edison's electric light in New York was made Friday night last at the headquarters of the Company. The following description of the lamp is given by the New York *Tribune:*

It consists of a small bulbous glass globe, about four inches in length and an inch and a half in diameter at its thickest part. Within this is a carbon loop which becomes incandescent when the electric current is allowed to pass through it. The lights last night were of the power of 16 candles, but they were made apparently stronger by being reflected downward by porcelain reflectors. One of the most striking characteristics of the light, which is claimed by the Company to be one of the best qualities, is that there is no perceptible variation in its intensity. The glass bulbs containing the carbon loops are put in place and made fast by means of a thumbscrew in the same manner and as easily as a chimney is put on a kerosene lamp. When Mr. Edison was asked if a single light could be turned off, he went to a single lamp in the hall and turned a light out with a thumbscrew. By reversing the movement he turned it on again. He said that as the lamps were arranged last night they could only be made to give the full 16-candle-power light or be turned off altogether. But he had perfected an arrangement by which the amount of light emitted could be regulated at pleasure between certain limits.

THE surveys for the proposed Panama Canal have been vigorously prosecuted for the last two months and the result is said to be in the highest degree satisfactory. Distance can be saved and the cutting be easier by changing the terminal points, the one on the Atlantic side to be at the mouth of the Mindi River, thus saving a distance of seven kilometers, and on the Pacific at the small bay near the City of Panama. There is found to be a more uniform depth of earth the whole distance across than was supposed to exist. Laborers are to be secured in Bolivia, and houses have already reached there from New York and New Orleans, which are to be put up along the route for the occupation of the employes.

"PRES." GEORGE Q. CANNON addressed the Mormon Conference at Salt Lake City the other day, and in speaking of the loyalty of the saints declared that the time would come when the saints would have to go to the rescue of and maintain free government on this continent, and this would occur within the lives of some of those in the congregation. They would give free government, freedom of religious thought and action to all—the pagan, the Hebrew, the Indian, the orthodox, the heterodox, and the infidel. They claimed those rights for themselves, he said, and would strive for them, and also to confer them upon others.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

No couple should think of commencing house keeping without a copy of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes." The book is the work of one of the most eminent economists of England, and it has been edited by practical Americans with especial reference to American wants. It contains everything that needs to be known in all the departments of domestic life. The book is elegantly printed and substantially bound, and is sold only by subscription, at $2. Over 20,000 were sold in advance of publication. Those out of employment can do no better than to secure an agency for this rapidly selling book. Everybody needs it, everybody must have it, and its sales within two years will mount up to millions. For particulars address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio. For New England, Locke Publishing Co., 41 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

MR. MOODY'S preaching has had the effect of arousing the conscience of a man down East, so that he went to Baltimore lately to restore a sum of money left in his hands by his brother who murdered a woman to get it some years ago. The former knew nothing of the crime until after the brother's execution, but had retained the plunder until, moved by Mr. MOODY'S word he resolved to give it back with interest to the husband of the murdered woman.

A NEW AMERICAN AUTHOR.

A new name has appeared in American literature. Its advent is one of the sensations of the hour, a sensation, however, not at all due to its literary merits, but wholly to adventitious considerations, disconnected with *belles-lettres.* It belongs to that class of works which attract notice because of what distinction or notoriety their authors may have attained in other pursuits. To this class belong the "Experiences" of reformed criminals, the "Autobiographies" of politicians and public men, the "Memoirs" of divines and missionaries, and the "Confessions" of murderers.

The author of this book is a narrow-headed Mississippi planter, who became a bellicose, fire-eating Senator from his State; then the bigoted, cramped-brained President of the so called Southern Confederacy, and after its fall a garrulous, complaining old beldam, whose mouth has continually drooled acrid drivel over everything and everybody that is successful, wholesome and progressive, and belonging to that order of things which he vainly tried to destroy.

Mr. DAVIS's book has been awaited with a lively interest. It seemed impossible that a man who had occupied the position of Chief of the most gigantic rebellion the world ever saw, could write any account of those troublous days that would not overflow with keen interest. If he stated nothing but well-known facts the verification that such facts must receive when coming from him—the coloring that they would have from the manner of presenting them—would have an importance equaling that of first presentation from less exalted sources.

It also seemed impossible that he could write without developing some new facts of the highest importance, clearing up some disputed points, are giving a clue to the explication of some puzzling problems.

The BLADE was too accurately informed of the quality of Mr. DAVIS's mind to expect from him any dignified, philosophical review of the stirring events in which he was so important an actor. It had no thought that he could bring forth one of those masterly "apologies" which have frequently ennobled a crushed insurrection and a lost cause. We thought that possibly he might rise to the dignity of an impassioned appeal against the arbitrament of the sword, to which he appealed, and make an eloquent plea for the superiority of the worn-out system he represented, over the progressive one which has crushed it.

But the more general expectation was that Mr. DAVIS would give his well-known bitterness of tongue full liberty, and say such biting things about his colleagues in the Confederate Government, and his opponents, civil and military, Federal and Confederate, as would give his book the keen interest that revelations from the penetralia where great events and movements are born always have.

The parts of the book which have been given to the public grievously disappoint all these expectations.

It is as utterly dull and common-place a book as was ever put between boards. History it is not; argument it is not; eloquence, wit, sarcasm, morals or sentiment it has none. It begins with a dull rehash of threadbare facts connected with the inception of the Rebellion, not going anywhere farther below the surface than the treatment of the same subject in a cyclopedia; it drivels along in the same spiritless, droning fashion to this dull peroration:

Sad as have been the consequences of the War which followed Secession—disastrous in its moral, material and political relations—still we have good cause to feel proud that the course of the Southern States has left no blot nor stain upon the honor and chivalry of their people.

"And if our children must obey,
They must: but—thinking on our day—
'Twill less debase them to obey."

The following is a fair specimen of the drowsy style in which the historical part is served up:

After the Legislature of Mississippi had enacted a law for a convention which, representing the Sovereignty of the State, should consider the propriety of passing an ordinance to resume the grants made to the General Government and withdraw from the Union, I, as a United States Senator from Mississippi, retained my position in the Senate, and sought every practicable mode to obtain such measures as would allay the excitement and afford to the South such security as would prevent the final step, the ordinance of secession from the Union.

When the last hope of preserving the Union of the Constitution was extinguished, and the ordinance of secession was enacted by the convention of Mississippi, which was the highest authority known under our form of government, the question of the expediency of adopting that remedy was no longer open to inquiry by one who acknowledged his allegiance as due to the State of which he was a citizen. To evade the responsibilities resulting from the decree of his sovereign, the people would be craven; to resist it would be treason. The instincts and affections of the citizens of Mississippi led them with great unanimity to the duty of maintaining and defending their State, without asking what would be the consequences of refusing obedience to its mandate. A like feeling pervaded all the seceding States, and it was not only for the military service but for every service which would strengthen and sustain the Confederacy that an enthusiasm pervading all classes, sexes and ages was manifested.

The Congress of Delegates from the seceding States convened at Montgomery, Ala., according to appointment, on February 4, 1861. Their first work was to prepare a provisional constitution for the new Confederacy, to be formed of the States which had withdrawn from the Union, for which the style "Confederate States of America" was adopted. The powers conferred upon them were adequate for the performance of this duty, the immediate necessity for which was obvious and urgent. This constitution was adopted on February 8, to continue in force for one year, unless superseded at an earlier date by a permanent organization.

An occasional glint of sneaking meanness, which shows the author's low moral standards in all the relations of life runs through the book. Here is a specimen:

On the third day after my inauguration at Montgomery, an officer of extensive information and high capacity, was sent to the North to make purchases of arms, ammunition and machinery; and soon afterward another officer was sent to Europe to buy in the market as far as possible, and furthermore, to make contracts for arms and munitions to be manufactured. Capt. (afterwards Admiral) Semmes, the officer who was sent to the North, would have been quite successful but for the intervention of the civil authorities, preventing the delivery of the various articles contracted for.

Thus, at a time when he was declaring himself at war with the North, he sends an official into the country to purchase arms and munitions of war from it to destroy its own sons. The mission of Capt. SEMMES was quite in accordance with that gentleman's latter achievements, in preying upon unarmed merchant shipping, and running away from every encounter with our war vessels, until at last cornered at Cherbourg and compelled to fight.

This mission of Capt. SEMMES will recall to people how desperately the Pro-Slavery Democrats of the North struggled to secure the free passage of the purchased arms to the South—how Democratic lawyers exhausted all the resources of legal ingenuity—to that end, how Democratic politicians fulminated, and Democratic Marshals exerted all their power to have the arms and munitions released and forwarded.

Another illustration of his very blunt moral sense is given in the sophistry concerning the action of the Naval officers who resigned to join the Rebellion:

The Southern officers of the Navy who were in command of United States vessels abroad, under an idea more creditable to their sentiment than to their knowledge of the nature of our constitutional union, brought the vessels they commanded into the ports of the North, and having delivered them to the authorities of the United States Government, generally tendered their resignations and repaired to the States from which they had been commissioned in the Navy, to serve where they held their allegiance to be due. The theory that they owed allegiance to their respective States was founded on the fact that the Federal Government was of the States; the sequence was that the Navy belonged to the States, not to their agent, the Federal Government; and when the States ceased to be united the naval vessels and armament should have been divided among the owners. While we honor the sentiment which caused them to surrender their heart-bound associations and the profession to which they were bred, on which they relied for subsistence, to go, with nothing save their swords and faithful hearts, to fight, to bleed, and to die, if need be, in defense of their homes and a righteous cause, we can but remember how much was lost by their view of what their honor and duty demanded.

This is amazing nonsense, and his special pleading in defense of it is very thin and weak. The vessels belonged to the *United States;* the officers received their commissions to command them from the United States; and as long as the United States existed these were controlling facts. The withdrawal of a few States from the Union, even if it had been successful, would have given them no rights to the property of the Nation, and it is simply preposterous to assume that any officer in command of a vessel had the least moral right to determine that his vessel would fall to the share of the Southern Confederacy if there was an amicable division of property, and anticipate such a division, by handing his vessel over to the Southern Government. These men were better versed in ethics than the Chief Conspirator, and they knew that such a course would be nothing else than piracy.

The admission that they could and did *resign* from the service of the United States shows this. If, as Mr. DAVIS argues, the United States had ceased to exist, there was no necessity for resignation—in fact, there was no power to present such a resignation to, and have it accepted.

It is very doubtful if any Southern officers could have carried their vessels over with them to the Rebels. With all the care employed in "fixing" vessels with Southern officers, there were few if any which did not have such a strength of Union sentiment among the officers as would make such an attempt at transfer both difficult and dangerous.

The only part of the book of any interest is that which gives DAVIS's side of the long standing and bitter controversy between him and JOE JOHNSTON, as to the responsibility for the failure to advance on Washington after Bull Run. We give this in full:

It was, as stated, with deep regret and bitter disappointment that I found, notwithstanding our diligent efforts to reinforce this army before and after the battle of Manassas, that its strength had been but little increased, and that the arms of absentees and discharged men were represented by only 2,500 or 3,000 in hand. I cannot suppose that General Johnston could have noticed the statement that his request for conference had set forth the object of it to discuss the question of reinforcement. He would have known that in Richmond, where all the returns were to be found, any consideration of reinforcement, by the withdrawal of troops from existing garrisons, could best be decided. Very little experience or a fair amount of modesty without any experience would serve to prevent one from announcing his conclusion that troops be withdrawn from a place or places without knowing how many were there, and what was the necessity for their presence.

I was at the conference by request; the confidence felt in those officers is shown by the fact that I met them alone, and did not require any minutes made of the meeting. About four months afterward a paper was prepared to make a record of the conversation, the fact was concealed from me, whereas, both for accuracy, and frankness, it should have been submitted to me, even if there had been nothing due to our official relations. Twenty years after the event I learned of this secret report by one party without notice having been given to the other, of a conversation said to have lasted two hours.

After the explosion of the fallacy that I had prevented the pursuit of the enemy from Manassas in July, 1861, my assailants have sought to cover their exposure by a change of time and place, locating their story at Halifax Court House, and dating it the Autumn of 1861.

When at that time and place I met Gen. Johnson for conference he called in the two Generals next in rank to him, Beauregard and G. W. Smith. The question for consideration was, What course should be adopted for the future action of the army? and the preliminary inquiry by me was as to the number of troops there assembled. To my surprise and disappointment the effective strength was stated to be but little greater than when it fought the battle on the 21st of the preceding July. The frequent reinforcements which had been sent to that Army in nowise prepared me for such an announcement. To my inquiry as to what force would be required for the contemplated advance into Maryland, the lowest estimate made by any of them was about twice the number there present for duty.

How little I was prepared for such a condition of things will be realized from the fact that previous suggestions by the Generals in regard to a purpose to advance into Maryland had induced me, when I went to that conference, to take with me some drawings made by the veteran soldier and engineer, Col. Crozte, of the falls of the Potomac, to show the feasibility of crossing the river at that point. Very little knowledge of the condition and military resources of the country must have sufficed to show that I had no power to make such an addition to that army without a total disregard of the safety of other threatened positions. It only remained for me to answer that I had not power to furnish such a number of troops, and, unless the Militia bearing their private arms should be relied on, we could not possibly fulfill such a requisition until after the receipt of the small arms which we had early and constantly striven to procure from abroad and had for some time expected.

THE sentence of one of the MOREY perjurers to eight years in the Penitentiary, is only a feeble punishment for that great crime. It does not affect the real perpetrators at all. The man O'BRIEN or LINDSAY, who was sentenced for perjury committed in swearing that he knew H. L. MOREY, is a pitiful, characterless vagabond who "would swear to anything for $5," according to the District Attorney's statement. It is altogether wrong to make him a scapegoat, to screen the real rascals from punishment. The country must not allow itself to be amused by any such show of doing justice, while such men as BARNUM, HEWETT *et al.* go unpunished.

THE new Premier of Italy, QUINTINO SELLO, is one of the most distinguished financiers of Europe. He is thought to be one of the last who would be likely to hurry the country into war with France.

WE call attention to the advertisement in another column of the valuable book, "Bible Biography." It is a book which every Bible-reading family should have, and the price it is offered at, makes it a decided bargain. It is a beautiful as well as valuable volume.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There is still no prospect of a break in the Senatorial deadlock.——Glover's Gap, W. Va., has been suffering with the small-pox. All the physicians died, and the bodies of a number who died were left unburied.——Sen. Carpenter left real estate valued at $12,000 and personal property worth $40,000.——Mrs. Lizzie Ross, of Pittsburg, Pa., mysteriously disappeared, one evening last week, and has not been heard of since.——Last week a reporter on a small Cleveland, O., paper went to the editor of the Leader with a scurrilous article concerning him, which it was intimated would be suppressed for a money consideration, whereupon the Leader editor kicked the blackmailing reporter down two flights of stairs.——The ladies of Washington have been receiving subscriptions for the relief of the suffering people of Chio, the scene of the recent earthquake, by which over 4,000 people perished.——The arrivals of German emigrants continue very heavy.——The Wall street bankers approve Sec. Windom's financial policy.——Ex-Sen. Bruce, the colored member from Mississippi, has been tendered and has declined the appointment of Brazilian Minister.——Cards are out for the marriage of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, on the 25th of April.——The wife of the jailor at Winchester, Ill., overheard the prisoners arranging a plan for an escape, and by informing her husband the plot was foiled, although the prisoners made a desperate attempt to accomplish their purpose.——Cincinnati has been enjoying the delights of pedestrianism, all on account of a strike of street car laborers, who would not allow the cars to run until their demands for extra pay were granted.——English gold is still coming to this country in large quantities.——A petition against the Jews was sent to Prince Bismarck Friday, which consisted of 26 volumes, 14,000 sheets with 355,000 signatures.——James O'Brien, the man who last fall swore that he was personally acquainted with "Morey," of Chinese lettor fame, was sent to the New York State Prison Friday for perjury in so swearing.——The Bernhardt is now playing her farewell engagement in New York, prior to her departure to France. She has cleared $150,000 during her little trip to this country.——Schaefer and Slosson, the billiard experts, finished a series of games in New York, Saturday, for the championship, the former winning, the score standing, Schaefer, 4,000; Slosson, 2,780.——Mrs. James D. Wilson, who had a little girl stolen from her three years ago in Galveston, Texas, has just recovered her in North Adams, Mass., having spent the entire three years in the search.——Kate Claxton, the actress who is always followed by fire, had another narrow escape the other day, when the hotel in which she was stopping, at Denver, Col., caught fire. The flames were extinguished with great difficulty.——The St. Louis bridge builders are on a strike for hig

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

New Bonnets—Little Girls' Wear—Boys' Furnishings.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, April 16.

PRETTY BONNETS.

Some choice bits of millinery put forth their buds of promise that there will be a time for wearing them, though the April snowstorms rage fiercely as December. Chillier looking landscapes cannot be than these of russet grass and fallow appearing in streaks through the snow, with blue green pines and leaden clouds lending colsworns tinges to the face of nature. One is glad to turn to shop windows and showrooms for relief. The straw braids and laces with shaded ribbons and wreaths are seen in all handsome work, the masses of bright roses softened by lace or metallic net which falls over them. The poke bonnet is not by any means the only shape, and the capotes and the Princesse, most modest and elegant of modern styles are as well worn as ever. A capote of modest size is covered with wide fancy braids of steel with a puff of shaded red satin over the face, and a cluster of tiny shaded feathers. A bride's bonnet is steel lace in Milanese patterns, with white satin strings shaded ever so slightly to silver gray, and a shaded white feather. A dressy bonnet of fancy yellow braid has a half wreath of roses outside the brim, rather to the left, over which a very light steel blonde is turned from the edge, softening the crimson of the deeper flowers, while the pale ones are uncovered. Another dress capote is of pale pink crepe stretched plain over the frame, but three double, bound with satin a slightly brighter tint, with a branch of red roses in different fine shades, placed at the right, the stems on the curtain, and the flowers on the top of the hat, and a very light pink marabout feather to the left. Wide strings of pink satin tie with short ends. The brim is faced with brighter pink satin with a fly in steel gauze for sole ornament.

The newest shape, later than the Hubbard poke, is a bonnet with projecting brim and curtain, and very narrow sides, like a marine gipsy. It is seen in fancy straws and will be liked for Summer, as it shades the brow without being clumsy or antiquated. Fancy and steel lace bonnets are reserved for dress occasions, while the ordinary wear is colored straws, which have a variety of shades, green, claret, snuff and mode colors, cinnamon and delicate mastic or silver grays. These are trimmed with a union of colors in pleasing taste, dark green straw with green satin, gold and gray, with a little pink, like the feathers of an African parrot. A snuff is preferred with a plaid of dark red edged with gold and pale blue, and yellow, carmine and pink rosss. Brown straw has red-brown satin, and brown pink and yellow adroitly shaded in the feathers or flowers worn with it.

Porcupine straws are the popular variation on the favorite rough-and-ready. The ornaments on the most stylish bonnets are in very simple taste, opposed to the extravagant and vulgar ones in savage and jockey designs worn for years. The shawl-pin, with a pearl or silver head, or the straight pin with three heads, of gold, silver or pearl, is oftenest seen. A dragon fly, with steel game wings, or a filagree butterfly, with isinglass wings, thin and prismatic as life, are expensive, as are the pins and combs of silvered steel with low polish, which take the place of cut steel altogether. Among the most delicate millinery are sprays of feather grass, and other natural grasses dipped in the breath of amalgam, which waves the slightest coating of steel. The floss flowers in which frayed and cut silks imitate the cups of dwarfed poppies, mignonette, or the vivid crimson of cup moss, are much admired.

LITTLE GIRLS' FASHIONS.

Mother Hubbard hats, or bonnets rather, are the favorite wear for girls from 3 to 11 years. These are large poke bonnets shading the eyes, well and fitting close to the back of the head and ears. For cooler weather they are made in plain cashmere or Thibet, to match the suit, a drawn satin facing and double bow of satin without ends on the top forming all the trimming of these demure, comfortable cosy bonnets. The fine white pique or dimity, with lawn bows and pleatings or straws trimmed with knots or bright pretty old-fashioned colors, old pink or China blue, apple green or lilac will be worn the Summer through. Cherry color and blue are fashionable for young ladies and children. A great deal of cherry relieved with an edge or crossing of pale dull blue, sets off these old bonnets charmingly.

The frocks worn with the Hubbard bonnets are equally cold, quaint and simple. A little, straight gown, like a large apron fitted round the neck by four rows of shirring, and a ruffle, buttoned in front, finished with the narrowest pleated ruffle round the skirt in contrasting color, and the fulness drawn in the back by shirring at the waist, over which is a bow of two inch ribbon with short notched ends. The sleeve is plain at the shoulder and gathered in three shirrings at the wrist, with a deep ruffle over the hand. No belt is worn. The little smock dresses will be made in plain sateens, garnet, dark turkey red, pink or buff. The gray twilled cotton for linings is made up for such frocks, and the hems and ruffles worked in feather stitch with red or blue washing cotton. The dull China blue percales, with tiny white figures chosen for children, come in three shades: very light, middle tint, and the old fashioned unkeen blue, with white stars, crescents, angles or dots, nay the old blue and orange spots reappear in the finest and most stylish percales which are all that is desirable for washing and wear. The skirts of children's dresses are longer than usual, reaching within a finger length of the top of the boot. Small poke bonnets of the same cambric as the frocks, shirred on rounds are worn with them, and little corded sun bonnets with capes are also stylish. The red chip coral necklaces with gold clasp, worn again by children, and many strands of small garnet beads tied with red ribbon, are also chosen as quaint and simple ornaments.

As long as cold winds blow, the

WEAR FOR SMALL BOYS

will be the Tam O'Shanter caps, crocheted out of dark blue or brown Germantown wool. These caps, with their round projecting crown, with button at top and close band, are precisely the cap worn by the Scotch and Irish peasantry, and sometimes seen here on newly-landed emigrants. They are easily knit in double crochet, and are warm and durable. For boys in skirts the caps are crocheted in dark green, garnet, gray or plum color, to match the walking coat, but boys of 7 and 8 wear them in both colors and the brownish mixed grays. Above that age, the military fatigue cap is worn by all schoolboys in Cities, and many public drill schools by very juvenile drill squads. To some of these, there is a small hat with turned up brim, like a turban, which is very jaunty, and a rakish hat of mixed wool to match the early Spring suits. Knockabout suits for school and every day, are of strong, soft olive or light beige, gray with a chevron twill or marking, of quality thick enough to turn Spring showers, and shades which look well and not show soil at once. It is a mistaken policy to choose dingy colors and rough goods for boys' wear, which never look well enough to give a boy any pride in his dress, and once defaced, never can be redeemed from ugliness. A lighter all-wool gray bears cleaning with ammonia or warm water and soap, applied with a nail brush, and pressing with a hot iron over a damp cotton cloth, and the round collar and edges make it trim again. Neatly made wool suits in fine dark checks are as low as $4, and the knock about suits are $5. It is usual with city firms to give with each suit a piece of cloth for repairs, and prudent mothers find it best to buy two pairs of trousers like the coat, preserving one for best as a coat outlasts more than one pair. Handkerchiefs of washing silk in red or dark blue with small Madras figures are 15 cents ready hemmed. Shirt-waists of seersucker gingham for every day, striped or fan-pr ste French percale, or China blue cambric or white linen for best are worn by boys up to 12 years of age, the time for putting on long trousers and regular shirts. Excellently made unlaundered shirts for boys, with linen cuffs and fronts come for 50 cents, and as they are factory made, where one woman takes but a separate part of the shirt on her machine, and are not slopwork at $1 50 a dozen, one can take the comfort of saving weary bone sewing without any stings of conscience. Boys' suspenders are pale gray and brown with lining, as bright colors run with perspiration, and discolor the shirts. These are worn for socks have been mentioned, and prove so popular that the sight of one pair results in supplies for all the families round. Add to these the "eyrelean" linen collars and cuffs, which have the most perfect polish, are washed with sponge and water, and actually last easily a year without giving out, as I have repeatedly tested, and it will be seen that the work of providing for a boy's wardrobe is brought to the least effort. Where laundry is dear, or inconvenient, the practice is to buy the cheap socks at wholesale, costing two and a half or 3 cents a pair, which they can afford to throw away when once worn. For engineers on distant surveys, sportsmen and travelers, or on shipboard, this plan proves very acceptable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. S., Illinois, asks about the virtues of two or three patent medicines, for consumption, "which is not of the old-fashioned sort and yet the patient's lungs are affected and hemorrhages have ensued with spitting of blood. The doctor says it is blood dyspepsia. We can't afford $15 for trial of a humbug and yet would gladly get a good remedy." While agreeing patent medicines are not always to be condemned, but sometimes are better preparations than are attainable in other ways, I know nothing of compound oxygen, Mrs. Pinkham's compound, or Kennedy's prairie weed. But why spend money for any of these things when their benefits are so easily reached by other means? Probably the Doctor is right in calling the case blood dyspepsia, or "waste" as the old people used to call it—where the blood fails to nourish the body. Anæmia the doctors call the same thing, I believe. Hemorrhages may proceed from the stomach when the lungs are yet sound, a fact which may encourage many invalid. For consumption proper, or waste of the blood, one course of treatment would be of use. Sunshine, pure air, night and day, nourishing food, and this simple medicine. Procure good native claret, or red wine, or the best imported Burgundy, which last is one of the finest wines for invalids, and give one wineglass, about one-third or a common tumblerful, with a spoonful of pure olive oil in it, before each meal and on going to bed. Also when a cough or sinking, give these doses, repeating in five minutes or less if it does not stop. Repeat a third time if necessary, or till the irritation is relieved. The rationale is very simple. The wine stimulates and warms the system to the point of throwing off the irritating substance, while the oil soothes the throat and passages at once, and by its swift assimilation of pure nutrition, all comes to the support of the organs before the reaction from the wine comes on. The mild acid of the wine attacks the bilious symptoms, and being taken with the most delicate and supporting food, in the shape of the oil, it aids, one might almost say, creates digestion. It is codliver oil in pleasanter shape, for physidians prescribe both cream and salad oil in place of that nauseous specific. The wine and oil have been tried both in this country and in Europe with happiest results. Invalids who have gone to Italy to Winter write that it has helped them more than any medicine. For coughs of any sort, temporary or chronic, it is the surest relief, and there is no danger of over stimulation, if taken as directed. SUSAN POWER.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Situation in the Senate—Mr. Windom's Program for Refunding the Maturing Bonds.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, April 14.

The common place stuff that now comes from the United States Senate is devoid of all interest and fails to attract any attention. The galleries are deserted and the prospect is pretty enough. But there are no indications of any break, nor does it seem that either side can yield without being grossly humiliated. The Democrats thoroughly understand that they are in the wrong, but they are accustomed to stand on pretenses. When they undertook to coerce the President against his constitutional rights on the pretense that they were only making an appropriation, there was a power to check them and unmask their hypocrisy. In this case there is no such power. The rules of the Senate were made under the idea that it would always be composed of high-minded and honorable men, who would be eager to stand for the right and maintain constitutional liberty. Hence there is no power, as in the House, to call the previous question and force a vote. The Democrats are holding on to their officers under the pretense of discussing the resolution for appointing others; and, under their view of the case they can discuss it until the regular meeting of Congress in December, or they can pair off with Republicans till there is no quorum and nothing can be done.

What makes the situation worse is the fact that Republicans in order to stand by the rule of the majority, must stand in the way of the new men nominated for places. None of the President's nominations can be confirmed, and the nominees are kept out and held in suspense until the contest is decided. The Democrats cover their revolutionary proceedings by the usual show of virtue. They charge a corrupt bargain, and justify themselves on the plea that they are preventing the delivery of the goods. They say, and so far they say truly, that Riddleberger would never have been thought of for Sergeant-at-Arms if Mahone had not come up to the help of the Republicans. On the other hand it is denied by the Republicans that the vote of Mr. Mahone was secured by any consideration. They point to the fact he was elected by a Legislature chosen against the Bourbons, by a combination of Republicans and Readjusters; that this combination was bitterly assailed by the Bourbons and succeeded in spite of them, and that Mr. Mahone voted with the Republicans to serve the interests of his constituents.

But don't it seem a little cool for these strumpets to put on such airs of public virtue, as if bargains were quite impossible in the pure atmosphere of Democracy? Did any body ever hear of a Democrat seeking to accomplish his ends by such a thing as a bargain? What did they do in New York when they undertook to bargain their factions into harmony by dividing up the offices between them? What did they do in Massachusetts when they went into a trade with the Abolitionists in order to beat the Whigs, and sent Charles Sumner to the Senate as the fruit of their bargain? Did they ever make any arrangements with the Greenbackers, or the Freesoilers or the Independents? What was it that sent David Davis to the United States Senate? Of course, a party that carries on its business by trade very naturally infers that everybody else is engaged in the same business.

But, after putting on so many virtuous airs, it was to be expected that they would fall back into spasms of surprise and indignation when Mr. Dawes mildly suggested, on Wednesday last, that Mr. Mahone had been approached by Democratic Senators, before the meeting of the Senate, and assured that he could have the naming of the Sergeant-at-Arms if he would give his support to the Democratic organization. Here was something specific; something that looked like a base contract; something in the nature of "Democratic principles." No wonder there was a show of offended dignity.

There is a feeling in the country that the Senate has fallen into disgrace, and is no longer the body that used to be held up as an example of moderation, ability and true dignity. This descending to tricks, to bandying epithets; this contending for party advantage; this bold and shameless lying in the interest of a Solid South; this utter disregard of constitutional right; one and all show a downward tendency which for the sake of our national reputation we may hope will soon be checked. Perhaps the Republican consultation to be held the last part of this week may put a better face on our affairs.

It is pleasant to turn from these abuses in high places to the admirable program of the Treasury for meeting the financial problem bequeathed to it by the incompetency or perversity of the Democratic leaders. The House has refused to pass any bill for refunding the maturing bonds at a lower rate of interest, if they could not, at the same time, get in a blow at the National banks. This seemed to be a serious calamity to the country, and it was supposed that it would require the calling of an extra session of Congress. Such a session would, without a doubt, have been called, if the President had not apprehended just what has since taken place in the Senate. He was alarmed at the attitude of the Democratic party, and came to the conclusion that it would be better to have no funding bill than to have such scenes as have lately been enacted in the United States Senate.

Meantime the new Secretary of the Treasury discovered that he had power to sell over a hundred millions of bonds, that he had a large surplus in the Treasury, and that other powers had been conferred on him which made him complete master of the situation. Hence he set about devising a plan for refunding which would not require the sanction of Democratic inflationists and half crazy Greenbackers. He made up his mind that he could pay off the 6 per cent. bonds which would mature on the 1st of July or virtually re-fund them at a lower rate of interest. These 6 per cents amount to nearly $300,000,000, and the Treasurer has taken the bold step of issuing a notice that interest on them will cease, on and after July 1, and that if they are presented for payment they will be paid. But, if the holders desire to hold them at a lower rate of interest (5 per cent.) they can do so by giving notice prior to the 10th of May and complying with certain prescribed conditions. Notice of this program was only issued this week, but telegrams and letters have come in on the treasury from all parts of the country, indicating a general disposition to continue to hold the bonds at the lower rate named; and it now looks as if the greater part of these 6 per cents would be re-funded on the new plan. And, what is delightful about it is, that it is all done without the intervention of syndicates, without expense and without the "fuss and feathers" which was the order in the proposed funding bill.

It is quite likely, from the present aspect of the Secretary's proposition, that it may not be necessary to sell any of his 4 per cent. bonds to meet the requirements of the Treasury. But if it should be necessary he will know it by the 10th of May and will have, from that time til July, to provide for whatever is needed. Then, if he should be as successful as is now indicated and get rid of the larger part of these 6 per cents by a re-issue at 3½ per cent. without drawing largely on the Treasury, he will be able to take up the maturing 5 per cents, and dispose of them in the same way. The whole work of re-funding will thus be completed and an annual saving made of 12 millions per annum.

Of course a great deal of fault will be found with the Secretary. Nobody ever does a really good thing without disturbing the croakers But we need not be alarmed at the croaking. The common sense of the country will sustain a measure so full of beneficial results and born from a cloud that threatened only storm and disaster.

The course of the Secretary, it is pleasant to see is applauded by the New York mercantile papers, and if there is carping among the Bourbons let the observation of the good old Quaker lady be our consolation She said she found, on going through her apple orchard, that the trees which bore the best fruit always had the most clubs and stones under them. If, therefore, Mr. Windom gets more than his share of clubbing it will be because the country is so well satisfied with the fruit which he bears.

The disgraceful exhibition made of himself on Wednesday by Sen. Hill and the exciting scene that followed indicates that the good temper of the gladiators is about exhausted, and that plantation manners have returned to the Senate. The redeeming feature of the day was a spirited and manly speech by Mr. Dawes, who has borne himself valiantly from the beginning of the session. BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Gas Must Go—The Light of the Future—Coaching—Easter.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, April 18th.

After a probation of three or four months the Brush Electric Light Company is about to receive its reward in the shape of a contract for lighting a district in the City. Broadway, from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth streets, has been its experimentally by electricity for some time, the mode of which I described in a former letter. The part of the City which the Company proposes to light comprises Madison and Union Squares, Broadway and Fifth avenue and the cross streets from Thirty-fourth to Fourteenth. The streets are to be lit by lamps placed on 25-foot posts, like those now in use. The squares, however, will be illuminated by the light-house system. An iron pillar will be erected 125 to 175 feet high, on which will be placed six lamps, each of 6,000 candle power. Imagine what a beacon, a light of 36,000 candles would make, swung high over the roofs. A light of one-third the power would er able you to read a newspaper half a mile away. The only objection to the electric light is the sharp, strong shadows it casts. When a wall or a high building shuts off the direct rays, the street is left in darkness. The big lamp in front of the Hotel Brunswick with its reflector throws a dazzling flood of light that cuts its way through the darkness as sharply as a tunnel through a hill. A few steps either way brings one into deep shadow.

THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

Mr. Edison, so well-known in connection with electric lighting, has devoted his attention more particularly of late to perfecting a light for house use. An evening or two since an exhibition was given at the headquarters of the Edison Company on Fifth avenue. The large house occupied by the offices of the company was lit up by the new system. In the parlors were large fixtures su-pended chandelier-like from the ceiling, with a dozen or more very small lamps. The lamps are glass globes, containing a carbon loop with the bend downward, and with the air exhausted. They are arranged so as to be screwed into place in a few minutes. If a globe breaks another can be quickly supplied. The globes are glass bulbs about four inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. When the current is turned on the carbon loop emits a soft, white light, very different from the dazzling glare of the street lamps, in fact not much stronger than gas. The light is turned on by a thumbscrew, and there e is no variation in its volume.

The Edison Company has begun operations down Town in the district bounded by Spruce and Wall streets, Nassau street and the East River. Here they are making preparations to compete with the gas companies by putting in their lamps free and furnishing the light at a less price than gas. The company will also furnish power to run light machinery, such as sawing machines, presses, book folders, and for elevators and hoisting. The uses it can be put to are endless. The lazy lawyer or broker, suffering from the heat of the Summer solstice, can have a fan put up in his office, which a turn of a button will set in motion. Private houses can be furnished with elevators at a very small cost, and for every sort of purpose.

COACHING.

A neatly gotten up little time table, carefully distributed in the up-town hotels and club-houses gives notice that the coaching season of 1881 will open on Monday, the 25th of April, when the New York and Tarrytown Coach "Tantivy" will begin its daily trips between the Hotel Brunswick, New York, and the Vincent House, Tarrytown, starting at 10 o'clock and returning at 3 o'clock. The distance about 24 miles, is made in three hours, with four changes of horses. The fare, $5, or $5 for the round trip, is of course high enough to keep away all but those who enjoy being in the company of snobs and would pay any price for the privilege. One dollar extra is charged for the box seat. It is not likely that the Hudson River Railroad will suffer much from the competition of the "Tantivy," though it is announced that "passengers will be picked up and set down anywhere on the route, and parcels carried and delivered punctually at moderate rates."

Coaching as an amusement was imported from England, a few years ago, by ex-Britons and a few snobbish Americans, who formed the "Coaching Club." To belong to this one must be rich, be able to drive four-in-hand, and own at least one fourth of a coach. The first President of the Club, "Col." Delancey Kane, is an Englishman, and in the old country earned his bread and cheese and beer by rubbing down horses.

EASTER.

Easter in New York has come to mean an occasion for the display of fine clothes. It marks the commencement of all these forms of social dissipation which are supposed to cease during Lent. Year by year the presentation of Easter gifts becomes more a custom, and Broadway stores now show an elaborateness and variety in presents almost equal to Christmas. Of course the most of them are the traditional Easter eggs in different sizes and styles. They can be had at any price from five cents to $200, while the contents may be of any value the donor chose. Some of the artificial eggs which make pretty souvenirs, are covered with pink, blue or red satin, painted, brocaded or embroidered.

A brighter Easter Sunday than yesterday has not been known for a long time, though it looks odd to see furs and Winter sacks, mingled with white straw hats, among the worshippers on the avenue. KELP.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I wish that some reader of the BLADE who knows would please furnish me with information in regard to Middle Tennessee—as to the price of land, the healthfulness of the country, whether it is hilly, or level, and whether safe for a Northern man to go there. GEORGE B. HARMAN,

Lake P. O., Spencer Co., Ind.

A LOOK AHEAD.

Coming Events Casting Their Shadows Before and Growing to be the Most Interesting of all Questions.

The interest in the Summer and Fall elections is commencing to crop out, and within a month the chances of the different aspirants for the suffrage of the sovereign people will be discussed *pro* and *con* with constantly increasing animation. The all potent argument as to the party probabilities will be the figures of the last contest, and none will be more earnestly canvassed than those of the Congressional struggle, and this being the fact, the new B. & O. Red Book Congressional edition becomes almost indispensable. No publication of political statistics ever made equals it in extent of information given, or in comprehensive arrangement. It shows not only the result of the election of 1880, but the result as well of the election of 1878. The Republican, Democratic and Greenback vote for the two elections is presented separately and comparisons made of gains or losses of the different parties. Total votes are also the subject of comparison, and this exhaustive showing is made of every Congressional District in the Union by Counties. The book is one of one hundred and twelve pages, is a marvel of typographical beauty, being printed upon an elegantly finished paper, and the cover is one of the most exquisite things in the way of artistic design issued for many a year. The Red Book is a Baltimore & Ohio publication intended for something above the ordinary circulation, and to this end is sent only where requests are made to C. K. Lord, G. F. A., Baltimore, Md., for it by mail and enclosing a three cent stamp. The Red Book will thus be mailed to all who may write to Mr. Lord for it, and certainly those who receive it will not part with it for almost any money, so exceedingly valuable a text book is it for all who are interested in or care aught for political statistics.

THE NIHILIST ASSASSINS.

Vivid Description of Their Execution

Stoical Courage of Sophie Perofsky, in the Face of the Scaffold.

Special to New York Evening Telegram.

LONDON, April 16.—The following additional details of the execution of the Nihilists have been received: On Thursday Russekoff asked for three wax tapers, such as are carried to church, a copy of the New Testament and one of the small consecrated loaves made and sold by the monks. When not praying he smoked cigarettes. In the course of the day he offered his services to the Government as a spy. Naturally enough he met with a refusal, for he belonged only to the ouside circles and could be of little use. Jehaboff spent his time in dictating pape after page about the trial, and committing to paper what he would not be allowed to utter in speech. Sophie Peroffsky wrote to her mother to waste no time or trouble in assuaging the wrath of her father for what had been done. He would never forgive. Kibaltschitisch, the maker of the bombs and in some respects, the most remarkable figure among the condemned, devoted his last hours to drawing up a memoir on the subject of his specific discoveries, which he addressed to the High Court of Justice. In the document he avowed his desire that his name should be immortalized, and he made a gift of his inventions to the State, on the condition that all the profit should go to the amelioration of the lot of the children of political criminals.

THE EXECUTION.

The execution took place at 9 o'clock on Friday morning, on Simonofsky Plain, the same spot on which Modoletsky was executed. The scaffold was a rough wooden structure, painted black, consisting of a high platform, upon which were three posts, each with a chain and manacles, and one long horizontal beam, with iron rings for ropes, supported by two perpendicular posts. In front was a low platform for the officials. The large plain around was covered with snow and ice, which was melting in the warm sunshine. By 8 o'clock many thousands of people had collected around the plain and swarmed into the various streets leading to it. Ten thousand troops kept them back and formed two squares around the gallows. First were the Cossacks with couched lances, and then detachments of the guard. The infantry was massed in deep columns, leaving one side of the inner square open for the passage of the condemned prisoners and escort. The cortege entered the eastern side of the plain a few minutes before 9 o'clock, having passed through some of the principal streets on the way from the fortress.

ARRIVAL AT THE SCAFFOLD.

The condemned criminals were seated high in the center of two wheeled platforms, tightly strapped to iron rods, with their backs toward the horses, and having on their breasts large cards with the words "Tsareoubiest" (murderer of the Czar) in black and white. Surrounding them was a strong escort of Cossacks and infantry, with drums and fifes playing a lively tune, and preceded by mounted gendarmes. The condemned persons were dressed in black, and wore a sort of black hood, covering their heads and shoulders. On the first tumbril sat Russokoff and Jeliaboff, both of whose features were nearly concealed by heavy hoods. Jeliaboff's dark, piercing eyes seemed to shine with even intensified brilliancy and defiance as he looked up on the scene around him. On the second tumbril were seated Kibaltschidisch, Sophie Perofsky and Michailoff, the woman occupying the middle seat. Of these three the features of Sophie Perofsky were alone distintly visible, her extraordinarily high and broad forehead being unshrouded by the hood. Her slightly flushed face betokened great mental excitement, but there was no sign either of fear or remorse. Gen. Becanoff, with the executioner and his four assistants, were waiting under the scaffold.

DEMEANOR OF THE CONDEMNED.

The condemned were unbound and led up the steps. With the exception of Russokoff, who seemed very feeble, all showed remarkable firmness and resignation. Sophie Peroffsky appeared the calmest of all the five prisoners. They were then placed in front of the three posts, with their heads bare, the woman being in the middle. While the Clerk of the Senate read the sentences the civilians uncovered and the officers saluted. During this formality five priests in purple caps mounted the scaffold and presented the cross, which all the condemned reverently kissed. The prisoners were then allowed to kiss each other, and a word or two passed between them, but the beating of the drums, which now began and lasted until the execution was finished, drowned every other sound. The prisoners were then placed under the beam. Each prisoner's head was covered with a white hood attached to a kind of sack. Each one, beginning with Russokoff, was led to the top of a small stool with steps.

STRANGLED TO DEATH.

The rope was drawn tightly around one of the supporting beams and the culprit was left to strangle by the stool being withdrawn from under. All remained firm and imperturbable until the last moment. Russokoff alone appeared to faint before the stool was taken away. The formalities and the execution lasted altogether about 25 minutes. The bodies remained hanging 20 minutes and were then let down into five rough shells filled with shavings and were examined by the doctors. They were then placed in two carts and taken away under the escort of Cossacks to be ignominiously buried in a remote part of the suburbs of the City. With the exception of an accident to one of the ropes, which broke twice, the proceedings passed off quietly and without difficulty. They were watched in silence by fully 100,000 of the civil and military population of the Capital.

Beatty's Parlor Organs.

We call your attention to Mayor Beatty's large organ advertisement in this issue He refers to the following well-known and reliable parties who have purchased and are using his instruments, and who will cheerfully testify to their unrivaled qualities Space will only permit us to mention the following, which have been selected from many thousands:

Boston, Mass., Moses A. Dow, publisher *Waverly Magazine*; G. H. Burt, shoe manufacturer, No. 99 Pearl street, New York City; R. W. England, publisher *Sun*; J. L. Everett, cashier National Broadway Bank; G. W. Sickles, (Major-Gen. Sickles's father) No. 111 Nassau street; Bauer & Betz, brewers, No. 140 East Fifty-eighth street, Philadelphia, Penn., William Underhill, cashier Mechanics' National Bank. Pittsburg, Penn., L. Halsey Williams, cashier Fifth National Bank. Willimantic, Conn., Henry F. Royce, Treasurer Willimantic Savings Institution. Newark, N. J., Right Rev. Father Patrick Leonard, (St. Michael's Cathedral.) Plainfield, N. J., J. R. Vandeventer, President First National Bank.

In addressing the above mentioned gentlemen, readers of our paper should inclose a stamped envelope for reply.

Wheat seeding will commence to-day on most of the large farms south of Fargo, Dakota.

THE IMPERISHABLE PERFUME.

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER,

Best for TOILET, BATH, and SICK ROOM.

RUPTURE.

ITS RELIEF AND CURE AS CERTAIN AS DAY FOLLOWS DAY.

Since the reduction of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S fee to one, thousands are crowding upon him for treatment, gladly throwing away their grieving, irksome, dispiriting and life-punishing trusses. His treatment for this affliction makes the patient comfortable and safe in the performance of every kind of exercise or labor. It is a grand thing, and those who are ruptured and do not provide themselves with it must endure the dangers of that precarious affliction, and the use of trusses all through life. Thousands of those cures give the most flattering testimonials of gratitude to Dr. SHERMAN. He is the author and inventor of his popular system; he imparts his secret to no one; it is applicable to all cases and cases, and, under his reduced rate, within the reach of almost every one. Of course, the doctor's experience and skill in this branch of science is almost invaluable, and no one should expect his Sinecure remedies without being willing to recompense him liberally.

Of 50 who have recently consulted him and had their case examined, all could afford to take his treatment, which fact gives the most conclusive evidence of his moderation in charges and the confidence he inspires have in his ability. He has come down with the times, like a true philanthropist, determined to relieve the great numbers whose limited circumstances call for consideration.

Thousands who applied to him when his charges were high, and could not afford to take his treatment, are gladly availing themselves of his present terms. Those interested should consider this matter, the advantages and satisfaction of personal soundness, the dangers and vexation of rupture and trusses, and then act in accordance with the promptings of duty.

FEARFUL AILMENTS ARISING FROM RUPTURE AND

TRUSSES.

RUPTURE BECOMES INFLAMED and STRANGULATED, the early symptoms of which are colic pains, rumblings in the bowels, great anxiety, and when reaching its full stage equalled by the horrors of hydrophobia.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES CAUSE EVENTUAL NERVOUS DEBILITY, impaired memory, indifference to amusements and stirring recreation necessarily conducive to health and the prolongation of life.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES CAUSE KIDNEY AND BLADDER AFFECTIONS, among the most deplorable of which is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, depressed and irritated condition of the bladder, some of the premonitory symptoms of which are occasional desire to urinate, backache, frequent disposition to urinate, and increasing indifference and inability to the social enjoyments of life.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES CAUSE gradual and imperceptible undermining of the constitution, impairing the digestive functions, and thereby inducing fevers of the worst type.

RUPTURE AND TRUSSES take the energies and capacities of men to a greater or less extent in every stage of life, both in his physical and social relations and mental devotions, and in the sentimental, physical pursuance of his business. In a word, it makes a man less than man, and when from one or the other of the foregoing afflictions he begins to realize his mortifying condition, he indeed becomes a creature of commiseration.

The cure of rupture is effected by Sherman's method without an operation, simply by external local applications, both mechanical and medical, made daily by the patient, who can perform any kind of labor during the treatment, with safety from the danger of inflamed rupture, and without interfering with the usual pursuance of his business.

Books with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

Personal attendance unnecessary. Patients residing out of the City can receive treatment and return home same day.

Until further notice, Dr. Sherman may be consulted as follows: New York office, 251 Broadway, on Saturdays, Mondays and Tuesdays, and at his branch office, 43 Milk street, Boston, on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

A GALLANT GALE

Rescues the Inmates of a Burning Insane Asylum.

CAIRO, Ills., April 19.—At 1 o'clock this morning Mayor Thistlewood received a telegram announcing that the north wing of the Southern Insane Asylum at Anna, was burning, and asking the assistance of the Cairo fire department. Supt. Beck, of the Illinois Central, provided free transportation, and a special train and one hand and one steam fire engine were sent from here. The latest intelligence is to the effect that the north wing was consumed, but the fire is thought to be under control. It is feared two or three patients were burned.

FULLER PARTICULARS.

ANNA, ILL., April 19.—A fire broke out in the bath-room, on the fourth floor of the north wing of the Illinois Southern Hospital for the Insane, located at this place, at 11:30 last night. After getting the patients out an effort was made to stay the progress of the fire, but as the building had a mansard roof it was not until the center building was reached that by almost superhuman efforts of the employes and citizens that the fire was mastered.

Three patients were discovered in a room in the second story of the north wing entirely surrounded by fire, and the throng upon the ground witnessed

THEIR FRANTIC EFFORTS

to burst through the grated windows with breathless excitement. Finally a ladder was procured and placed near the window of the room Although the flames coiled around the ladder, three men started up, but were forced by the heat to retreat. One gallant fellow named Grace, ran up the ladder, thrust an axe into the window, commanded a colored patient named Nelson to cut his way out. He simply threw the axe away. Again it was given him and the crowd below as with one voice yelled to him to cut the grating loose. This time he did it and escaped. Mr. Grace again showed his courage by reascending the ladder and going into the room, now ablaze, with walls tumbling in every direction, after a

HAND TO HAND STRUGGLE

with a patient named McClellan, who was nearly dead from heat, but desperately determined to stay in his room. Grace forced him headlong through a window, and parties outside caught him. Mr. Grace inhaled the heated air and suffered intensely afterward, but is not in any danger.

A patient from Monroe County named N. Ferkle, was burned to death. These patients were all taken from the cells but in some way wandered back. Three fire companies from Cairo arrived at 6:30 and are working upon the ruins.

The Superintendent (Dr. Wardner) is in Chicago on business. The loss is estimated at $150,000. Only the patient Ferkle is missing.

A Profitable Policy.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Treasury officials estimate that less than $10,000,000 of the $195,000,000 of called sixes will be sent in for payment. The rest will be transferred into the stamped 3½ loan. Speaker Randall, who is in the City, says that this only proves that a three per cent. bond could have been floated, and declares that the first thing the next Congress will do will be to pass such a bill. The opinion of Treasury officials is that the less Congress tampers with the financial problem the better. It is expected that the sixes will all be taken care of, and the fives can be dealt with in the same manner by midsummer. The friends of Sec. Windom are unstinted in praise of his skill and sagacity in the management of the matter.

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IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE. On April 1st and until Sept. 1st, 1881, I will sell the above No. 30,000, Style, 18 Useful Stops, Beatty's New Patent, STOP ACTION, Sub-Bass, Church, Chapel and Parlor Organ, for $65. Boxing $5. Stool $1. Book $1. Total $72. Regular Price $125. Warranted for 20 Years. Organ Boxed and Delivered on Cars at Factory for $65. A Magnificent Instrument, Elegant Walnut Case, Handsomely Carved, Fine Toned, Full Sweet Volume of Sound, Immense Power, Great Variety of Tone Effects, Perfect Mechanism, Reliable and Durable in every part. Pamphlet free. Reference, any Banker, Merchant or Publisher in the United States. Order at once or write for Circular and Price List of Illustrated Cabinet Organs, Pianos, Etc. Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Beatty's Parlor Organ, Style No. 1,000, 2 to 4½ Stop Reed Organ, Height 5 ft. 10 in., Length 3 ft. 6 in., Depth 2 ft. 4 in., Weight 400 lbs., Price $65. Beatty's Magnificent Parlor Organ, Style No. 2,000, 2 to 4½ Stop Reed Organ, Height 6 ft. 2 in., Length 3 ft. 6 in., Depth 2 ft. 4 in., Weight 400 lbs., Price $65. Beatty's Parlor Organ, Style No. 3,000, 2 to 4½ Stop Reed Organ, Height 6 ft. 2 in.,

The Household.

Correspondents writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

Home Troubles.

VIII.

To watch the daily life of some men, one would think that they base their conduct upon the belief that every discomfort they feel, every ill they endure, every pain they suffer, every business misfortune that comes to them is in some way directly traceable to their wives. They seem ever upon the eve of exclaiming with the old English poet THOMAS OTWAY:

"What mighty ills have not been done by women!
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!"

Grumble, grumble, grumble! There is no pity for the pale, weary woman whose wearing work is never done; no word of sympathy for the overtasked hands and feet, to say nothing of the tired brain; no thought for the busy worker toiling into the night, mending and stitching in order that he may get "fore-handed" while he reads his paper and sleeps, if it at home, or goes out to talk politics with his neighbor. And then, if the breakfast is five minutes late, if the meat is not done to a turn, if the eggs are not cooked within a hairs-breath of the precise "doneness" which he likes, how the northeast wind of his temper blows. Smiles and sunshine away from home, frowns and angry mutterings in the family circle.

Well, what of it? Hasn't he a right to find fault in his own house? Didn't he marry a wife to bake and brew, wash and iron, sweep, scrub and dust, make, mend and render him generally comfortable? Didn't she expect to bear children and take care of them? What right has she to complain? Don't he provide enough for her to eat, occasionally make her a *present* of a few clothes, and give her a roof over her head? Can't a man be himself at home, and speak his mind to his own wife and children?

Well—yes—or at least he does assume that privilege, but if he showed himself the beer outside that he does there his lease of life would be short, for some aggrieved individual would knock him over.

Everybody has his moods. A man's physical condition is not right, and he has business worries which wear upon him, but that is the more reason why he should use self control. That he can is evident from the fact that he does not treat his neighbor unkindly. There a cross word would simply arouse anger and destroy his popularity, but at home it cuts deep into the heart of the woman who bears his name, who is entitled to his gentlest words, his most tender care.

No doubt some husbands who chance to read this will hug the sweet delusion to their souls that it does not mean them. They are no such "bears" as described, and they congratulate themselves that their wives would be the first to resent such an imputation. Very likely they would. A true woman is a loyal one always. But stop and think if you do not often speak harshly when a loving regard for your wife's feelings should have held you silent. Are you not often careless and indifferent, selfishly absorbed in your own schemes, when, sick or exhausted with household tasks too great for her strength, a few words of sympathy would be as the balm of Gilead to her? Do you always show an appreciation of the efforts she makes to cater to your appetite and thus add to your pleasures? A little self-examination of this kind would do none of you harm, and happy may he be who can write himself down a thoughtful, tender, loving husband, to a happy, contented wife and mother.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Make Home Beautiful.

Much has been said and there is more that could be profitably said about the cultivation of flowers, and little did I think I was so near a hornets nest, when I wrote those few lines about the China Aster two weeks ago. I do believe that the greater portion of the BLADE readers are lovers of the beautiful in nature and work to make home pleasant and inviting to the passer by. Always will I remember the words of my mother when moving to this, then far off Western State some 25 years ago. She said when passing the many homes along the way, "My son, you can always tell by the surroundings of a home what class of people live there. If the gates and out buildings are in good repair, plenty of trees, vines, shrubs and flowers surround the house, you may feel pretty certain that contentment and happiness reigns in that household."

But there are always some whose circumstances will not permit them having all things as they wish, still they can do something in making home cheerful. If you have no taste for the cultivation of flowers, then set out a few shrubs, such as Lilacs, Spirea, Flowering Almond and Currant, Snowballs, and half a dozen hardy rose bushes. Set one climbing rose to cover the side of the house—Prairie Queen is best. All these are hardy and, after once growing, will not require any attention except to trim out all dead branches each Spring. I often thought that were I deprived of my flowers and fruits I would not care to live; but as I look around me I see others who hardly ever see either of them except when they go away from home. My heart is set upon a mission to perform before I pass from this world to a home on high. It is to see flowers and fruits have their rightful place in every country home and village lot. Why, reader, whether mechanic, merchant or farmer, if you don't supply your family with plenty of flowers and fruit, you are needlessly depriving them of the greatest luxuries God ever gave to man. They are easily grown. Do try it.

"Lillie," Shreve, Ohio, asks me if I have any seed of the old fashioned Rose Moss, or could I tell where she may obtain some. She says she has hunted all through several catalogs and fails to find it. That was because she did not recognize the flower by its other name, "portulaca," but a "Rose by any other name would be as sweet," and so it is with this. I always have large beds of this plant, for when you once get a start you will have plenty, as the self-sown seed produce an abundance of plants each year following. The seed may be sown early and when the plants are large enough to handle, transplant them to beds, edgings, or ribbon lines, setting the plants about six inches apart. I have all colors mixed and will send any one some seed, if the request is accompanied with a letter stamp. In No. 14, "Skep" inquires if the freezing of her calla will prevent its blooming next Winter. Not in the least. The calla is a bulbous plant and you should let it rest this Summer by laying the pot on its side in some shady place and repotting about the first of September.—J. H. PEARSON, Ainsworth, Iowa.

The Well-Selected Library (Continued.)

5. FICTION—A well selected list of works of fiction forms a very desirable part of any library, and yet it is the very department in which we are apt to get the most "trash." Would offer the following list which may be selected from, or extended at pleasure: "Pilgrim's Progress," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as many as possible of Dickens, Thackeray, and Sir Walter Scott; especially "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Dombey and Son," "Old Curiosity Shop," "The Newcomer," "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," "Ivanhoe," "Guy Mannering," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Knickerbocker," "Romola," "Adam Bede," "John Halifax," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Jane Eyre," "East Lynne," "Last of the Mohicans," "Scarlet Letter," and, if you are a teacher, "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

Do not add any work of fiction to your library until it is several years old and able critics have indorsed it.

6. ESSAYS,—Bacon, Carlyle, Macauley, Ruskin, Emerson, Whipple, Lowell and Holland are considered the best. Of Emerson would recommend "Representative Men" and "Society and Solitude;" Lowell's "Among My Books" and "My Study Window;" Whipple's "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth;" Holland's "Gold Foil," "Plain Talks," and "Lessons in Life," and Ruskin's "Unto This Last," "Ethics of the Dust," "Crown of Wild Olives," "Queen of the Air," and "Sesame and the Lilies." Ruskin has been called "the most eloquent and original of all writers upon art." The best portions of Ruskin's voluminous writings have been collected and published in small volumes, entitled, "Choice Selections," "True and Beautiful," "Precious Thoughts," and "Pearls for Young Ladies." The last named three we would especially recommend to all lovers of fine literature. No young lady of literary taste should be without "Pearls."

WORKS OF TRAVEL.—The travels of Drs. Kane and Livingston; also Bayard Taylor, Humboldt and Thomas Knox are good. "Overland Through Asia" and "Backsheesh" by the latter are humorous to quite a degree.

8. HUMOROUS—The writings of Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, especially "The Innocents Abroad," "Everybody's Friend" by Josh Billings; "The Widow Bedott Papers;" "Rise and Fall of a Mustache," by Burdette, and "The Struggles of Nasby." No reader of the BLADE should be without the last.

9 MISCELLANEOUS—Irving's "Sketch Book," "Winchell's Sketches of Creation," "Draper's Civil Polity," "Royal Path of Life," "Andersonville," "Taine's English Literature," "Koran," and if you admire Dickens, you should have the "Dicken's Dictionary," being a key to his works, giving the real names of his characters, and other valuable information.

This list, especially the last division, is very imperfect, but I hope the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will help me with their valuable criticisms and suggestions. Hope to hear from others soon.

BOOKWORM.

Drugs Not Needed.

I wish to convince the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD of the fallacy of taking drugs for the cure of dyspepsia. I have had a life-long experience with that complaint, having inherited it from my father. Although not a physician myself, yet I think I can safely say without fear of successful contradiction, that it is a disease that never can be permanently cured, so but what if the same causes, which produced it at first, are brought to bear, it will be produced again more readily than it was the first time.

Dyspepsia is briefly, a weakened stomach, and the only office and duty of the stomach is to digest the food. Now if the stomach is already weakened in consequence of being overloaded, overtaxed, more asked of it than it is able to perform, it it suicidal folly to ask the poor weak organ to try to digest drugs, which are wholly indigestible, and more or less poisonous. My view of it is, in dyspepsia, the stomach wants rest, absolute rest, and nothing else will cure it but rest, and it can never rest so long as we keep swallowing substances for it to digest. If we have an old tired horse, that is most worn out with hard work, and needs only rest to recuperate, we are none of us so simple as to require him to perform a certain amount of labor every day, when the only thing he needs is to desist from labor until he is rested and recuperated.

Dyspepsia exhibits itself in a great variety of ways, and is, as old Dr. Chase, says, a "many headed monster." There are scarcely two persons that have it exactly alike. I have been so weak, years ago, that I could not walk half a mile. My experience is, as a general rule, that one should eat very moderately at first, of such kinds of food as agrees with him, and as will of itself keep his bowels open and loose. Take no drugs, no cathartics. Take all the exercise in the open air that it is possible to take without getting very weary, for the person is not the stomach, nor the stomach the person. Yet, if a person gets excessively weary, it will weaken the stomach, but a moderate amount of outdoor exercise will create an appetite and excite the flow of gastric juice into the stomach, which will serve to assist it in digesting food. The same kinds of food does not agree alike with all dyspeptics. What is good for one is poison to an other.

H. A. LUSK.

Redwood Falls, Minn.

The good sense contained in the above article must commend itself to every one except those who are wedded to the indulgence of their appetites. Continual dosing of drugs is poison to the system. If Nature is allowed the privilege she will usually do all that is necessary with very little assistance.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

"Panza" Answered.

A few words in reply to "Panza's" article in the BLADE of March 31: I do not know the laws of Ohio in regard to how often books may be changed; but in our State Directors are forbidden to change oftener than once in four years, and few schools change that often. I know of several Districts in my own County where there have been no changes in 10 years; and they are the most fogyish, non-progressive schools in the County. The gentleman (I know "Panza" is a man, for a woman would not write so uncharitably), is probably a farmer, and yet he opposes progress. I wonder if he disapproved changing the old double shovel corn plow for the present time and labor saving cultivator? I wonder if he still clings fondly to the old McCormick reaper of 1861, and to the "go devil" corn planter of the same date? Rather, does he not buy $200 or $300 worth of improved machinery every year, in order to keep up with the times? My dear sir, there are as many improvements made every year in school books as in farming implements. Yet, by refusing to allow the teacher to discard old text books for more improved ones, you would hamper him and prevent his keeping pace with you in your progress.

Your self binders and steam reapers are no farther ahead of your grandfather's reap hooks and flails than is the present classified school system in advance of his mode of teaching, which consisted principally in rubbing the learning in by means of large doses of hickory oil. The pupil of to day is not helped as much as his father was, and is therefore more self-reliant than was his parent, who, if the problem refused to be solved the first trial, marched up to the desk and demanded that the teacher should relieve him of his task by performing it himself.

Pupils advance more rapidly and are more thorough than formerly. Let the gentleman disprove this if he can, by telling us how far he had advanced when he was, say 15; what books he studied, how much he knew about business forms and other practical things in which he deems the present system so deficient. It would put an end to dispute on this point and would save words. As regards the present system being burdensome to the poor man, I must question the statement. If "Panza" wishes to educate his children cheaply, let him give his money away immediately and become bankrupt, for it is the boast of our country that the poorer a man is the less it costs him to educate his children in our glorious FREE schools (Small-caps, Mr. Printer, the gentleman used italics by way of sarcasm; give me eulogistic capitals) DIDACTUS:

Golden, Ill's.

Midnight.

How still the night, when all the world is sleeping;
The stars above, are watching while we dream;
The silvery moonlight through the blind is peeping,
And in my soul I feel a rest supreme.

After toil, to rest is sweetest pleasure;
To dream in wakeful hours, a calm delight.
These silent hours to me are mines of treasure;
I always think my sweetest thoughts at night.

My youthful days come back to me while dreaming;
I look on faces, once so fair to see;
On memory's pages, written words are gleaming;
Words spoken years and years ago to me.

Through shadowy paths, and grassy lane I wander;
How sweet the roses blossom by the way;
Their fragrant breath, how lavishly they squander
On such a careless, happy girl as me.

The clock chimes one, I'll quiet my idle dreaming,
My muse has plumed her snowy wings for flight;
It is not real, it was only seeming.
But come again dear Muse, good night, good night.

MARY H. C. TREFFRY.

Hudson, Wis.

Independent of John.

Dear "Ann Elliterate Rustic:" I have read your letter in the BLADE of March 24, and can hardly wait so eager am I to reply and set you right on some subjects that that John of yours seems to have led you all wrong. Now, I am not what is called a "Woman's Rights" woman by any means and do not intend to mount the rostrum as some have done in favor of the momentous question, nor do I intend to don men's apparel as some of my sex have done, for one reason that I like my pretty dresses and bonnets too well. But I do think the time is not far distant when women will vote, and I think it would be a fearful state of affairs if all the women in the country should vote just as their dear Johns did. I think on that subject every man and woman in the country should think the matter over seriously and only vote on the side they think to be honest and true. The majority of my male relative are Democrats, but I am an undoubted Republican in belief, and I should never vote other than an honest straight Republican ticket no matter what husband, father or brother might say or think, and I will advise you dear Ann to consider the matter well and have a mind of your own, independent of John. I dare say he will wish to annihilate me for advising you thus, but I am so far away that he cannot harm me so I will say my say without fear.

You are right about Gen. Grant being nice, and John is decidedly wrong and don't know anything about it. Gen. Grant is just as nice as nice can be, and I *know* he is, for I have seen him and have been a hero worshiper ever since. Gen. Grant is a great man and a good man, but there are some men whose minds are so narrow that they cannot appreciate true greatness and so try to cry it down. A successful man always has enemies who are jealous of his superiority.

I think you write very well—originality and common sense generally take better with the reading public than a more flowery style.

I have as much time for reading and writing in this wilderness of Virginia as you have in the far West, but cannot say that I like it. I prefer a more active City life with plenty of amusement.

I have written you as long a letter as the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD will care to send you, so will write more some other time; and if no one else does, will give you some idea of getting up dinner parties.

ANNE ELLIS.

Heathsville, Northland Co., Va.

School Discipline.

"Order is heaven's first law," and the truly successful teacher will make it the first of the school. By order, I do not mean the death like stillness that sometimes prevades a roomfull of active boys—active except when under the restraint of such discipline—but I hold that a well-ordered school is where each pupil is so busily engaged with his work that he has no time to roll a paper wad or crook a pin; and the teacher may feel that his eye need not be in all parts of the room at the same time that his mind is occupied with a recitation.

I would have an exercise as little interrupted as possible. Indeed, so important is the individual attention of the class, that I think it losing, beyond recall, the interest of the class. Judgment should dictate as to whether it would be better to deal with the offender afterward or not. If he knows the teacher is aware of his disorder, I would not let it pass on any account; but sometimes it is wiser not to see all that goes on about you.

Make no promises that you cannot keep to the letter, that your pupils may know that you mean what you say and say what you mean. To carry this out, there must be no hasty threats, but cool and deliberate thought as to the justice of your promise, and as cool and deliberate a statement of it, and make no rules till needed.

Many a disturbance between teacher and pupil is as much the fault of the former as the latter. Children are miniature men and women, and should be dealt with as such, and so trained that they may go out into the world and meet life's battles bravely. The teacher who helps mould the character aright is doing a noble work, and one that does not end with the last day of school, but goes on even after his life work is done and he is sleeping his last sleep.

JAMES S. KIMMELL.

Ligonier, Pa.

Expressions of Opinion.

"M. H." writes the following earnest words:

"Dear sisters of the BLADE HOUSEHOLD, assuming that you all have read the appeal from 'Mrs. Mary Stockwill,' of Montana, for help in her lonely and needy condition, I doubt if there is a reader, much less a contributor, but what have asked themselves the question: 'How can I extend a helping hand so far away?' That was my first thought. The next was, I have a dollar bill for which I had several ways for use, and before Satan convinced me that I had better keep it I slipped it into a letter and sent it to Montana, not forgetting who says, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth,' but speak of it hoping that others may do likewise. If not but 25 cents, all can contribute something and find a rich reward within. Another plan I will suggest: In places where the BLADE has a large circulation some kind hearted lady solicit little shoes and stockings, and other cast off clothing, and, of course, new ones would not come amiss, and pack a box or barrel, and save the transportation of many little packages. Kind-hearted friends, you probably have contemplated a letter way—only help."

"Enos Tryon," Jeromeville, O., is in distress. Read:

"I wish to make a statement in THE HOUSEHOLD department. In December last, in answer to a party who wanted water lilies, I said I would furnish at cost of packing and mailing. Come with me down in the mesdow, in the bottom near a creek. Here's a pond or lakelet with lillies in them. Oh how are you going to get them out? Wade, says one. How deep, says another. From two to six feet. No, I would not wade in there for all the lilies in the pond. Ice on portion of pond, and yet wade in, and how would you reach down and get them. Arms not long enough, eh? How big are the roots? As large as your arm, and much larger, with lateral roots on under side as thick as can be from six to 20 inches long, and fast to the clay in the bottom. The united efforts of two men could not pull it loose, except by breaking the roots, yet such are the pond lilies. Oh I see, I cut a long pole, with a strong hook. Now I fish, now I pull, and pull and fish for two hours. I sweat and work and get out half a dozen roots, wash and pack as nice as I can. One root weighs packed 20 ozs. A good nice large fresh root, well packed would weigh two lbs. I cut one small root close to crown, for one party who sent two stamps, the best I could do."

"Seven cents for postage money out of pocket, pleased somebody, but where's the profit? Parties have sent letters from all parts of the country for them but when they learn the size of the root, price of mailing, etc., they are sadly disappointed. I presume not one party in 20 would succeed in growing them, as they grow naturally, so be disappointed at last. Have done as I agreed to with all parties so far, but cannot take any more after this.

"Mary," Newton, Kan., says:

"I firmly believed I didn't want to vote. Maybe I do. THE HOUSEHOLD may convince me, but in the meantime, if, while trying to settle the 'hired girl' question, you will keep on giving hints to us housekeepers who do our own work, tell us how to do things nicely with the least outlay of strength, you will be doing the most real good, for in my opinion the 'hired girl' question must settle itself, in each individual case. As a rule a good place makes a good girl, and a good girl makes a good place. I am not speaking of the girl who only works a few weeks, long enough to get some cheap finery, nor of the people who hire through housecleaning or harvest, but of the steady workers. Make good housekeepers of us and I believe we can have the voting done to please us."

"Adieu" writes of what she does with THE HOUSEHOLD department and "Young Folks'" column of the BLADE:

"I read it all over, then cut out all the useful recipes and bits of useful information, and paste in my book for recipes. Then the 'Young Folks'' column, I paste, with an occasional pretty picture and suitable poetry, in an old magazine, so forming a story-book for my little 5 year old boy. He cannot read them now, but can some day, and I hope he will care more for his story-book because I made it for him. He loves to hear me read stories from it now."

"W. D. P." Arapahoe, Nebraska, says in regard to the wife who desired to help support the family by writing:

"It has been clearly stated in the BLADE before this, that the time is passing away when it reflects on the husband if his wife engage in business, and if in business, why not in writing, a thing that can be done at home in leisure hours without neglecting the home duties, either morally or physically, thus doing as God would have them, and proving a help meet indeed to their beloved husbands, for a husband that could call forth such sentiments is truly a worthy one, and unable to take advantage of a kind, tender act, dictated by love. As to the profession being crowded, the same could be said of every profession and trade (except farming) and the same reason given necessity, but all physicians, lawyers, etc., do not practice on that account. No more do authors.

"Jennie L." says:

"Well, that library subject that 'Monroy' suggests is a good one. We are trying to collect a library, and add one or two works each year, which is about as fast as we can spare the money. Last year we added 'Knight's History of England,' both volumes, and the 'Fool's Errand.' This year we hope to get a 'Cyclopedia.' We take a number of good weekly papers beside.

I want very much the song, 'In the Beauty of the Lilies, Christ was Born Across the Sea.'"

"Jennie" will find the words she wishes in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song." By the way, that is a good book to have in one's library."—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

"Pauline" answers the question of whether a Christian should vote most emphatically:

"I would say yes, a thousand times yes. What would this glorious Republic be today, if it were not for the votes of Christians? Yes, we want Christian voters; we want this Government to be under the control of Christian men. It is a positive duty, in my opinion, for a Christian to vote. To the men who are put in power by the voters is intrusted the welfare of this Nation, and should they not be the truest and best of men? And who are better able to decide than the Christians, who these men should be?"

"Cinderilla" writes:

"Not having seen the questions about canary birds answered, I would like to speak my mind on the subject. The dark birds are the most hardy and those mixed with linnets are the best singers. I know a lady who sent to New York, for a linnet, to improve her birds. It was brown and not at all pretty, but a beautiful singer."

"Tyro," Manhattan, Kansas, does not quite understand what is meant by the township boarding school system, but says:

"If half the money that it would take to build the school houses spoken of, would be invested in the common school buildings it would surely do more good. The additional expense of teachers and building would overbalance the expense of the pupils who go to the high schools, or higher State institutions. The common schools will or should give a good enough education for any student to enter the higher Normal courses. And there the expenses would not exceed those of any other boarding schools very much. As a rule the common school houses of the country need all the money that can be gotten for the building and furnishing of them, from time to time."

"We, Us & Co.," Nebraska, discourses thus:

"I am a teacher, too, though of limited experience. I taught this Winter, through the severe weather, in a little sod house 12x14 feet. Just think of it, you who were never 'out West,' and imagine, if you can, the situation. I walked three-quarters of a mile, and when I found a drift too deep to walk through, it did not hurt my dignity one bit to get down and crawl over on my hands and knees, and then build fire with cornstalks that I gathered from a neighboring field for kindling.

I came from Wisconsin 16 months ago to Nebraska. I wonder if "Zip" is a neighbor of mine."

"Kansas Zephyr" has aroused to his rights thus:

"'New Comer' asked a very important question and I thank her, for in reflecting upon the matter I have come to the conclusion that it is the wife's duty to wind the clock. Heretofore I have unquestionably considered it the husband's especial care and thought it was all right, and the usual thing, to get half asleep and be waked by a nudge and the question 'Dear, did you wind the clock?' Now the time-piece in the house is for the especial benefit of the housekeeper, and if she chooses to let it run down it is her look out. Hereafter the house clock has no terrors for me."

"St. Croix," Wisconsin, writes:

"I was the second white man that moved in this town four years ago. Now we have two schools and about 50 scholars. No young women in the town, but we have 11 bachelor Homesteaders. There is in the County 70 schools and 40 teachers, residents of the County. There is no liquor sold in the town, never been a doctor employed, nor any cases of sickness. Any person wishing further information can get it by addressing Town Clerk, Georgetown, St. Croix Falls, Wis."

"George Feather," Panama, Nebraska, says:

"Some one wanted to know about how much money he should have before he would dare start in a new country. Well, I will give him my experience. I took my claim in 1870. I had a wife and three small children. When I took it I had about $10 and my hands, not a bit of furniture or no team, not even a stove. We made a fireplace in our house. Now I have got a nice house, with horses, hogs, cattle and sheep, all doing well and only $10 to commence with."

Mrs. Tilla Leach, Wellington, Iroquois County, Ills., asks some questions which we hope some one will answer at length in the household:

"Can any of your readers give me any information with regard to silk-worms? From what I have read it seems to be quite a profitable business, and perhaps as well adapted to one sex as the other, but my ideas on the subject are rather vague. Can they be raised in this climate (Northern Illinois), and are they to be kept in a room by themselves? I saw it stated in some paper several years ago that they could do as well and make as good a quality of silk when fed on the leaves of the Osage orange as on mulberry leaves. Is this the fact, or was it simply an experiment? I should be very glad to hear from some one who has had experience with them, full particulars with regard to the care required, and also, where a few cocoons could be procured for a start."

Inquiries.

Will some one please give me the address of Madame Demorest's Magazine, and oblige?—MRS. J. Y. SMITH.

Address Publishers Demorest's Illustrated Monthly, New York City, N. Y., and your letter will reach its destination. —ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will Grace Nolmes please send her address to Mrs. T. I. Whitlock, Ainsworth, Iowa?

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me quotations suitable for an autograph album?—MISS IDA RAY, New Lebanon, Mercer Co., Pa.

Will some one please inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, where the flexible rubber curlers can be obtained, and whether or not one can make pretty ringlets on the forehead with them?—A READER.

Send to any reliable hair store for these articles. They can be used for forehead curls very nicely.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one please tell me how to bleach, stiffen and press a white straw hat? What is put on a black straw hat, after pressing, to give it a nice glossy look like a new one? Please answer soon.—SUBSCRIBER.

Will those ladies having patterns for spatter work, either for wreaths, crosses mottos, please send their address to THE HOUSEHOLD, as I very much wish to obtain some as soon as possible?—WILD ROSE.

Will some of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to do some fancy work that is easily done, but ornamental?—BUTTERCUP.

Will "H. B. G." who asks for cure for bone spavin in the BLADE of February 24, please give or send cure for nasal gleet?—J. H. N., Farnsworth, Lane County, Kan.

I want to ask some of the readers of this Department how to make pretty and cheap paper holders? If some one will give me information as to making one they will very much oblige me.—ELORA.

Can some of the ladies tell me how to color white rags a good brown, that will not fade? One of my neighbors says I cannot have them brown, but must have them blue or yellow; and I hoped I could find some one that could give me more satisfactory advice.—B.

I see in the HOUSEHOLD that "Tilicum," of Oregon City, Oregon, is open to correspondents. Will he please send me his address; also, others from different parts of Oregon and Washington Territory, who read this, as I want information about the country?—H. J. BILLMAN, Atlanta, Saline Co., Nebraska.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD inform me how old a bridal rose is when it blooms?

Will some one please send me a recipe for making home-made crackers, and tell me where I can get Josh Billings' recipe for boarding-house hash? Also, Josh Billings' address.—W. H. H. CAIN, Republican City, Harlen Co., Nebraska.

If the address on the envelope is in the second person, in what person is the one receiving the letter?—ERNNAN, Dunlap, Ills.

Can some of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the verses "Ossawatomie Brown." It begins:

"John Brown in Kansas settled,
Like a steadfast Yankee farmer;
Brave and godly with four sons,
All stalwart men of might."

—MRS. N. S. BACKUES, Oswego, Labette County, Kan.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Aunt Patsy" would like to open a correspondence with "Zip" whom she greatly admires, if the latter will send her address to her at Riverside, Washington County, Iowa, Box 3.

If "Martha" will send her address to Box 261, Kent, Portage County, Ohio, I will give her information in regard to making paper flowers.—K.

I *do* want to say how heartily I endorse what Mrs. C. E. Bergh, writes in regard to Susan Powers' remarks in the BLADE of Feb. 10th. I really think the latter lady is either one who enjoys single blessedness, or else she has a husband who supplies her with plenty of cash, being, to say the least, "well off," and therefore she cannot in the least sympathize with the needs of poor people, who have to make every cent count. I respect and admire "that poor, energetic, ambitious woman" who wants to help her husband if possible.

"Young Student," I think the address is both in the second and third person, as it tells the Postmaster where to send it and to whom, and tells the one spoken of it is for him.—ARIZONA.

If "K. B." will pare that "very painful seed wart" close and keep it well saturated with a furnishing of strong salt a few days, I shall expect a letter of THANKS for such a simple remedy.

Supposing the severity of the past Winter will create a "tidal wave" of emigration towards the "Sunny South," I will cheerfully give information in regard to East Tennessee if stamps are enclosed.

If any widow or elderly lady reader of the BLADE longs for a warmer climate and a place in the affections of a disconsolate widower, it will not be considered a breach of etiquette for them to say so.—POSTMASTER, Stockton, London Co., Tenn.

Let Miss Ella Johnson heat a smoothing iron, fold and wet a cloth, and lay on the iron until the steam rises freely from it. Lay on her velvet with right side up, draw it slowly over the cloth and at the same time brush it lightly with a soft brush, and it will rise and look as nice as new. Must be very careful and not let it get too wet from steam.—WORKA, McPherson, Center Co., Kan.

If "K. B." will use acetic acid faithfully it will remove the seed wart.

If "Belle" will take wheat bran and soak it over night, then strain, then wash her black calico, then rinse in salt water, it will be all right.

For Rusk, take hop yeast, mix over night, then take 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of butter or lard and 1 egg, mix, let stand until it rises, then mix again, cut out in small cakes, let rise again to bake in quick oven.

If "Helen" will make paste of flour and white glue it will be all right for a scrap book.

Tell "Miss Annie" to use sweet flag for the heart burn. Dry it in sugar is best. —A. B.

"Granger," if you will apply kerosene to your cattle it will kill the lice on them. Put it on lightly with a brush, for too much will take the hair off. It will also kill lice on fowls. Give your cow plenty of good clover hay, if you have it, and if not, good corn fodder, and have corn and oats, equal parts, ground; wet well with warm water, and "mess" once or twice a day. But green grass is best of all.—HOOSIER, Brushy Prairie, Ind.

For Mabel—The suspender stitch: Cast on one needle an even number of stitches; knit across once or twice plain, for a foundation, then knit first stitch, throw thread over, take off second, knit third by passing thread across second so as to form a double stitch, throw thread over, take off fourth, and so on across, forming every other stitch double. Always knit the first and double stitches, and take off single stitches.—AN OLD SUSPENDER KNITTER, Postoffice Box No. 5, Creston, Iowa.

Recipes.

TO COOK EGG PLANT.

Take the egg plant and remove all the outside skin, and then cut it in very thin slices, as large as possible, but still very thin. Then take the slices and soak in salt water. Do not make the water too salt. Drain it out of the salt water and lay on a cloth to dry. Beat up whites and yolks of two or three eggs, (according to the quantity of egg plant); have on the stove a skillet with some hot butter; take slices of egg plant, one slice at a time, and dip in eggs, and then lay in the butter, and when browned on both sides it is done. It requires but a few minutes to cook. Some people like a little dry flour mixed with the eggs, but our folks prefer it without. In cooking large quantities a pan-cake griddle is more convenient.—HATTIE D. STERRETT.

APPLE CAKE.

Take 3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of flour, beat all together, then add 3 table spoonfuls of boiling water, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, stir 10 minutes, bake in 5 layers, then spread the following between: 4 large sour apples grated, 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract, or any other seasoning preferred. Let come to a boil and partly cool before putting on.—MRS. THERESA HARSON, Albion, Erie Co. Pa.

WAFERS,

Three eggs, well beaten, a pinch of salt, pour into the flour and stir thick; then knead it about as hard as you can; roll very thin, not thicker than a wafer; cut into any shape and fry in hot lard; have the lard good and hot, as more depends on frying than anything else.—AUNT PATSEY.

HARD SOAP WITH LIME.

Take 6 lbs. sal soda, 6 lbs. grease, 3½ lbs. new stone lime, 4 gals. soft water, ¼ lb. borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler, boil till all is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clear lye, grease and borax, boil till it comes to soap, pour into a tub to cool, and when hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry. This is very nice for washing white flannel and calico.—MRS. DAVIS, Locust Dale, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

RUSKS.

To "Mollie:" Take a quart and a half of sponge when you are making yeast-bread, 2 ozs. of sugar, same quantity of lard, mix it up and let it rise. Cut it in pieces about the size of an egg; flour your board, and roll them as you would in making mud marbles till thoroughly smooth, place them in your bake pan and set them near the stove to rise, when raised sufficient proceed to wash them with sugar and egg mixed with a little water, then bake them.

To inquiry for Plymouth Rocks send to the following address: "Job Borton, West Unity, Williams Co., Ohio." The pure article can be had there; also the "Holstein Cattle."

A letter addressed to "Belle," who inquired about sea shells, &c., will be forwarded if she will send her address to us for that purpose.

The address of "Rosella Rice" and "Rose Geranium" are inquired for, also "Aunt Mac," for whom there is a letter put in our care.

We have not room to publish pieces of poetry which have been before the public a long time. Should we put into our columns one tenth of what is requested we should have room for nothing else. Inquiries for something special, if accompanied with the address, so that it can be sent directly to the individual, will be inserted unless they should so multiply in number as to render it impossible.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

Father, Mother, and Fourteen Children, All Living, Whose Combined Ages Aggregate 979 Years.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

MCARTHUR, O., March 30.—Vinton County thinks that she has the most remarkable family in the State, and in order to prove the assertion, I will give a short sketch of the Reynolds family of this place:

Mr. Benjamin Reynolds, the father, was born in Martinsburg, Va., Aug. 22, 1790, and in the year 1811 he was married to Miss Susan Shriver, who was born in the year 1793. Mr. Reynolds, with his family, started West in 1818, and in December of that year settled in Perry County, Ohio. After living in that county thirteen years he removed to Swan Township, in this county, which then formed a part of Hocking County. Mr. Reynolds has since that time lived on the same farm, and seen a tract of country changed from a wilderness to fruitful fields and pleasant homes. Mr. Reynolds' farm lies on the line of the Ohio & West Virginia Railroad, about eight miles north of McArthur.

The most remarkable part of the history of this family is their longevity. Mr. Reynolds is in his 91st year; Mrs. Reynolds is in her 88th; and both are well preserved. They have 14 children, all of whom are living. Our townsman, Henry Reynolds, is the oldest son, being now in his 69th year. George, the second son, is a citizen of Swan Township. Samuel, the third son, is now living in Iowa, having removed to that State some 31 years ago. Isaac, the fourth son, is a citizen of Kansas, having gone there about five years ago. Seven daughters live in this county, three of whom have never married. Elizabeth is the relict of Silas Wilson, and mother of George W. and Dennison Wilson, of Zaleski. Sarah is the relict of Harrison Foster, and lives in Iowa. Lydia is the relict of the late H. H. Swaim, of this township. Mary Ann is the wife of Henry Schlotterback, of Swan Township. Maria is the wife of Charles M. Sidman, and lives near Nelsonville, Athens County. Lucinda is the wife of Presly Wright, and lives in Iowa. Cordelia is the wife of Edward H. Waller, and lives in Swan Township. Anna, Rachel and Susan live with their parents in Swan. The youngest child is 43 years of age, and the average age of parents and children is 61 years. There are over 50 grandchildren, many great-grandchildren, and not a few great-great-grandchildren.

We have older men in Vinton County than Mr. Reynolds, but, taking the whole family together—father, mother, and children—we doubt that there is another such a family in the State. Age of the father, 91 years; age of the mother, 88 years; combined ages of the children, 800 years; total of all, 979 years.

Should any one know of a family that can foot up more years without a death, let us have their history.

Failure of a Sea-Side Resort.

Baltimore Sun

Cape May Point, which was started in 1873 by the Sea Grove Association as a Presbyterian sea side resort, has been disposed of at auction. The place, which is only three miles distant from Cape May, has erected on it three large commodious hotels and a number of cottages as well as a water works and gas works. These improvements, together with laying out and grading the City, cost the association something in the neighborhood of $500,000. Its founders sought to make it a resort that would be patronized by Presbyterians, as Ocean Grove is by the Methodists. Among the restrictions imposed was one prohibiting the sale of liquor. The enterprise was a failure, and the association concluded to sell out the whole place and at the same time remove all restrictions. The net receipts of the sale amounted to between $115,000 and $120,000.

Our Young Folks.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Dear little snowdrop," murmured the breeze,
"How you do shiver cold days like these!
Why come so early? What was your haste?
Woodland and meadow, see, but a waste."

"So much more reason why I should cheer
Meadow and woodland: don't mind me, dear!"

"Poor silly snowdrop, see yonder cloud!
Night brings the tempest, gathering loud.
Earth is so dreary; falls but the sigh,—
'O, will these dark days ever go by?'"

"That's why I'm here, love,—gladness I bring;
'Take heart!' I whisper,—'see, 'tis the Spring!'"
—*Our Little Ones.*

How Philip Sullivan Did an Errand.

BY MARY DENSEL.

Bang, *bang, bang!* when Philip Sullivan's hammer, as he pounced on his sled "Chain Lightning." "Chain Lightning" had needed mending ever since last Winter, but Phil had concluded not to touch it till "just before the snow came."

"Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow."

The consequence was that the north wind suddenly puffed up a midnight storm, and Master Phil was awakened one morning by the shouts of the six Dyke boys, who was coasting merrily down "Sullivan Hill."

Phil was out of bed in a twinkling. Ten o'clock found him still working fiercely on "Chain Lightning," his gluepot simmering before the fire in company with his father's best chisel and his mother's machine oil can.

The shouts of the Dyke boys still resounded; and not only their jubilation but that of

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

The Vegetable Garden.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Owing to the backwardness of the Spring, I fear that many gardens will be sadly neglected this season, and it stands in hand to have everything in readiness to begin work as soon as the weather will permit. I do not advise any one to begin work before the soil is in good order. As I well know that many gardens have been entirely ruined for the season in this way. Where the soil is somewhat sandy it will bear to be stirred in a wetter condition than black prairie soil, and if sand can be procured close by it will be well worth while to haul several loads and scatter over the garden. After plowing or shading in the Fall, it will be very late at best we can do, and a few hints may be of use to the many readers of the BLADE. I have market gardened for several years, and as you know that right is the early bird that gets the worm, so it is with the gardener—first in the market gets the nickel. I will give you a plan which I have practiced with vines, such as cucumbers, melons and squashes: I throw out the earth where I want the hills, about two feet deep and three wide; in this I throw a large basketful of hot manure, cover over with good soil, and on this plant the seed. If I want them very early, I make frames 10x14 inches of six inch fence boards and set these over the seed, and put on a pane of glass, which I remove during the hottest part of the day. When danger from frost is past remove the glass entirely and tack mosquito netting over the frame to keep off the striped beetle, until the vines begin to run, when they will be out of danger. If you will give each hill of vines a quart of milk once each week the vines will grow so thrifty as to surprise you, and the fruit will be much larger.

Onion setts can hardly be obtained this year for love or money. If you have a hotbed you can sow some black seed in drills pretty thickly, and when the weather will permit transplant to the open ground. In this way you will be able to have this highly flavored vegetable tolerably early. Seeds that are planted early should be planted shallow, and later in the season plant deeper. My first planting of peas I do not cover but an inch or so, and for late crop I put them down six inches below the surface. All vegetable to be tender must be grown quickly, and you cannot have your garden too rich except for early tomatos, which if very rich will be apt to run too much to vine. For early tomatos I start the seed in boxes and transplant to tin cans, with a hole cut in the bottom, over which I put a chip, and by the time I am ready to set in the garden they are a foot high and in bloom. I set a stout three-foot stake to each plant and as the plant grows tie up and pinch out all side shoots. Plant Lima beans edgewise, and set a good four or five foot stake to each hill and when the vines reach the top of this stake, clip them off and occasionally shorten in the side branch.

Striped bugs often clean a garden of vines in a few days, and I have found it a good plan to sow radish seed thickly in the hills of melons, cucumbers and squashes.

Tom Thumb and Carter's first crop peas may be planted early, but all the wrinkled sorts, such as McLean's Little Gem, Champion of England, and others will not, if put in the ground before it becomes warm. I have not as yet found a better early radish than the long scarlet short top, but for summer use plant white, yellow or scarlet turnip radish.

Contrary to the general rule with all new varieties of vegetables, I find that the Acme tomato is very desirable. It is early, good flavor, and very solid. I can spare some of this sort. For the main crop for canning I shall still plant the genuine Trophy. I have often been bothered with cut-worms working at night, often cutting down half my cabbage and tomato plants in a weeks' time, but I headed them off by gathering up all the frail cans and setting them on a hot stove till the solder was melted, so I could knock off both heads, leaving the tin entire, which I set over the plants, pushing it down a little in the soil.—J. H. PEARSON, Ainsworth, Iowa.

Deadening Timber.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Having had some 14 years' experience in deadening timber, I would say to F. M. Berg, of Paw Paw, Morgan Co., W. Va., that I have had the best luck in the month of June, but the time depends altogether on the locality and season, as the only true philosophy is to girdle the tree at the time it is preparing to harden its wood. So you see that the time that will kill one will scarcely hurt other kinds. The way to determine this is to examine the points of the limbs, and when there are no more new leaves forming the tree is preparing to harden its wood. Then girdle, which is generally best done by striking all around with a sharp ax, so as to cut all the bark, and at least one inch of wood; make your scars gape as much as possible. Sometimes I have found it necessary to cut the bark loose about four feet from the ground, and peal down and leave hang. Some of the hardest to kill we have here are of the elm species. The time mentioned will nearly always kill, but seldom show the effect till August here, though I have had hundreds to wilt in 10 days. The philosophy is the sap sown, and then passes to the root, and kills and causes both tree and root to rot quicker than anything else can. To kill stumps (where you cannot do it by pasturing,) is to let them grow one full year, and come to full leaf, then box or bruise off with an old ax. JOHN R. VAN HOOSER, New Douglass, Madison Co., Ill.

Suggestions.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

As I am a great lover of your paper, and a constant reader, I thought I would give you some of my ideas of things:

FOR PUTTING AWAY MEAT.

After it has been smoked, salt it down, just as you did before smoking, and it will be much nicer. A box that will not hold brine should be used, then the meat will stay dry, and no bugs nor worms will bother it.

If "Granger" will take 1 lb. of common sulphur to one pint of lard and mix well, and then grease his horses, cattle and hogs, from the tail to the head, he will destroy every louse in 48 hours.

TO MAKE A COW DO WELL.

Take one quart of flax seed and boil it in three gallons of water, and stir in some wheat bran. Let it cool and give it to the cow, and if she is not all right in six hours double the dose.

German Millet.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Can any of the correspondents of the BLADE Farm inform me by postal or through the columns of the BLADE, where I can get German millet seed? Also, the amount to sow per acre? Also, what time to sow and harvest, and what the price of the same is per pound or per bushel, and oblige.—JACOB REAM, Fenton P. O., Wood Co., O.

Chester White Pigs.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Can any of the many readers of our Correspondents' Department inform me where I can obtain a pair of Chester white pigs from two to three months old, and what the probable cost of the same might be?—GEO. W. ASHMORE, Oakland, Coles Co., Ills.

A New Hog Disease.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

Our hogs are dying, they will refuse to eat for a few days, then their heads swell, and it is with difficulty that they breath. The skin turns purple and they soon die. Do you or any of the reading farmers know of a remedy.—H. H., Bucklin, Mo.

Catalpa Seed.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

If the person enquiring for catalpa seed would send to John C. Yess, Columbia, Mo., he can supply him with all the varieties and will send you essays free on enquiry for the same.—FLORENCE FLY, Midway, Kan.

Manure for Orchards.

The value of yard or stable manure is becoming more and more appreciated every year by intelligent orchardists, not only in promoting the growth of bearing apple trees, but eminently so far increasing the productiveness and quality of the crop, and for preventing the usual barrenness of alternate years. But the inquiry is becoming more and more frequent, "How shall we obtain sufficient quantities?" It would seem that the improvements now making by intelligent and enterprising farmers, are likely to give a satisfactory answer, at least, to some extent, by showing how a greatly increased number of animals may be kept for manure making on a limited area of land. Good crops of roots of the right sort contribute largely to this result, although the drawback still exists of heavy labor in handling. We saw last autumn on the 200 acre farm of J. S. Woodward, of Niagara County, nine acres of heavy beets for his large herd of animals, and the fact that he sold a year or two ago from his 30 acre apple orchard, no less than $5,000 worth of fruit gives a good answer to the above question. Large and heavy crops of corn fodder—well utilized by chopping, as by Wm. Crozier's process, and by chopping and steaming, as by the Messrs. Dunning, thus turning out their thousands of loads of manure from large and well-fed herds of animals—give another answer. When these appliances cannot be obtained turning under green crops and good cultivation of the soil, as by Mr. McKinstry, of Hudson, have produced excellent results, although not a complete substitute for even moderate top-dressing of manure.—*Country Gentleman.*

Bees in Illinois.

It is feared that there has been great mortality among the bees in Western States during the past Winter, not on account of the severe weather, however, but because there was such a scant supply of food last Summer that the industrious tribe failed to lay up sufficient stores for the Winter. D. Martin, of Geneva, has lost six or eight swarms—all he had. B. C. Yates, of Geneva, has lost all of his. James Woodman, of Blackberry, had 200 swarms; he now has two. The Barber Brothers, of La Fox, have lost 20. Eugene Otis, of Batavia, had 70 swarms last Spring; all are dead. William Way, of Batavia, put 85 in the cellar last fall; he will not have 25 by the 1st of June. William Urie, of Aurora, has three swarms left out of a total of 80. W. Webster, of Elgin, has two out of 30 left. These statements are rather discouraging, it must be admitted, but the losses enumerated are all in Kane County, where the white clover crop on which the bees chiefly rely was a bad failure last year.

Kansas Cattle.

As illustrative of the increase in good blood among western cattle, we clip the following item from the Kansas City *Price Current* of March 25:

The improvement in cattle going on in Kansas by breeding up is constantly showing itself in our market. It is now no uncommon thing to see large droves of export cattle in our yards, and occasionally lo's are received that would do credit to any country. Mr. S. H. Carmean, of Lawrence, Kan., had in recently 65 graded Short horned steers that would class A 1 in any market. They were fed by Mr. C. McLain, of Wellsville, Kan., and averaged 1,543 pounds, and were sold by Messrs. A. J. Gillespie & Co., for $5 40 per cwt., the highest price reached in this market for some time.

Merino Sheep.

The Merino sheep of Australia turn off heavy fleeces. The *Queenslander* (Brisbane) states that a full-mouthed ram's fleece from the well known Wanganella flock, weighed 22½ pounds at eight months and three weeks growth; 129 hogget rams gave fleeces averaging 11 pounds. A bale of wool containing 120 lambs' fleeces, pressed at Kinross, turned the scale at 448 pounds. The Merinos were introduced into New South Wales some 80 years ago by Mr. McArthur, one of the first gentlemen settlers, whose family have long held deserved prominence in the country. His beautiful seat, Camden, is within an hour of Sydney. The Australian Merinos are derived from the Rambouillet flock.

Prolonged Vitality in Grafts.

D. B. Wier writes to the *Prairie Farmer* that he had kept scions of the pear in sawdust from early Winter through the whole of the following year, and to the next June, fresh and in good condition, and when inserted as grafts they grew, and trees are now bearing from them. The reason of their being kept so long was that they were overlooked. Mr. W. quotes the remark of Van Mons that grafts received by him after being three years in the mails had been inserted and grew. It might possiby be of value to know how long they could be kept fresh, buried many feet under ground.

Moss on Trees.

In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent if there is any better way to get the moss off his young trees than scraping, it may be remarked that if the moss has come from dampness and feeble growth, the best way to keep it off is to drain the land and enrich or cultivate it. Scraping and washing with suds is a good temporary cure, but the best remedy is to be applied through the roots. Moss sometimes comes from too much shade, in which case the dense growth should be cautiously thinned by pruning.

A Quandary.

Nevada farmers are in a quandary. When those in Carson Valley began to plow they found that they were turning up whole beds of grasshoppers. The Virginia *Chronicle* says that if they cultivate the crops they will be eated by the grasshoppers and if they do not stir the soil they will have no crops. Farmers have suspended plowing to consider the matter.

French Laborers for America.

DENVER, April 14.—The Republican publishes a statement as coming from the Denver & Rio Grande office, that that company intends importing 10,000 Frenchmen and a corps of French engineers at an early day, to work on the Denver & Rio Grande extension. It says that Count De Lagrand, who has been in charge of the Mexican National Survey and Construction, will go to France, organize a corps of engineers and educate them in American railroad work and manner of operation. When this work is finished the corps will be dispatched to different parts of the country, each to secure a squad of laborers and instruct them as to future work. When 10,000 are secured, the squads will concentrate in Paris and be transported to New York and overland without delay. The informant believed a majority of them will be distributed equally on the Mexican and Salt Lake divisions. La Grand has been ordered to report here for instructions, and is expected to arrive in about two weeks and to start at once for Paris.

Sec. Windom's Plan.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Ex Sec. Sherman said to a Tribune reporter: "I see no difficulty in carrying out Sec. Windom's policy so far as developed. He has ample means for reducing the interest on the five and six per cent. bonds. He can pay off all those who wish to be paid in money, in strict accordance with the terms of these bonds, leaving the mass of them at 3½ per cent. interest, payable at the pleasure of Congress. This is not only for the public interest, but is in the clear line of his power and duty."

The Sunday School.

Lost and Found.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Likewise, I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15: 10.

LESSON TEXT.

Luke 15: 1-10.

1. Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. 2. And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them. 3. And he spake this parable unto them, saying, 4. What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it? 5. And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulder rejoicing. 6. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost. 7. I say unto you, that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance. 8. Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? 9. And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, rejoice with me for I have found the piece which I had lost. 10. Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners (or to hear him (v. 1).—The time or rather the occasion, is instructive. Chapters 14-16 embrace a section of peculiar interest. Jesus' way is seen here, in a peculiar, a delightful manner. He is the divine teacher, whose words convict the conscience and bind up the heart. A series of pictures in groups, illustrate the wonderful lessons. In the first group we have, 1. (chap. 14: 1-14) "Man's feast" in the chief Pharisee's house. There are reserved seats and a scramble for place; and the Lord is displeased with the host and his guests. 2. (chap. 14: 15-24) "The Lord's feast." A full table, but empty seats; the scramble to avoid place, and man displeased with the host and the guests. 3. (chap. 14: 35-35) "The unfinished tower," and "The king and his army." Meditation: what will be the result of acceptance or rejection? Group second, those who came and how they came. "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him." This rejoiced the heart of Christ. This was a feast to him, as truly as to them; and opening the heavenly portfolio, he displayed first, three scenes sketched in heaven, in which the crimson, the blue and the gold are freely mingled. 1. "The shepard the sheep" (chap. 15: 1-6) 2. "The woman and the coin"—(chap. 15: 7-10.) 3. "The father and the prodigal" (chap. 15: 11-32.) The story runs in triplets. God in each—the Son seeking, finding, saving; the Spirit cleansing, illuminating, saving; the Father receiving, blessing, saving. Man in each, the indifference that wanders away, or is lost through the careless of others, or deliberate departure into sin. Love in each—seeking, guiding, receiving. Treasure in each—the sheep, the silver, the Son. Rejoicing in each—joy, joy, joy. Three witnesses to the joy—the fold that received the sheep, the house that recovered the money, the home that entertained the Son. Third group, 1. "The disciples and the Lord." Mediation: stewardship, false and true (chap. 16: 1-13.) 2. "The Pharisee's derision" (chap. 16: 14-18. 3. "The contrast and end of rejection" (chap. 16: 19-31.) A great gulf—fixed—eternity. It was only when Christ passe l to the street or market place that the publicans and sinners could hear him. There was no room in the Pharisees house, or at "anan's feast," for such sin-stained ones. And no wonder they drew near to him for he drew near to them. In person, in purity, in rank, in power, he was far from them; but he humbled himself, he drew near unto them. Powerful example. They came to hear him. We wonder they do not come to hear us. Can it be that we do not preach and teach as he did?

And the Pharisees and scribes murmured saying, this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them (v. 2.) They murmured! Doubtless they did not exert themselves to do this, for they were used to it. They had graduated at Grumblers' College, and taken all the degrees. Would that the school were local, and the membership restricted; but all the workers for God have been tested by murmurers. Forgetting the warning, "neither murmur ye as some of them murmured," they vex the souls of pastors and superintendents, teachers and workers by their murmurs. We have need of the consolation and support of the passage, "For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." They were exceedingly troubled that Jesus would receive publicans and sinners, and eat with them. Of the many charges brought against him, this one is true; he does receive them when no one else will, and he eats with them, providing the feast himself. It was an offense to the proud heart of man, but it was the very glory of God. For this Jesus—God manifest in the flesh—came down from heaven. And why? For what was he thus anxiously and painfully searching? Surely it was for something that was lost. He came to seek and to find, as he says, and who shall deny him the joy that follows?

What man having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, did not . . . go after that which is lost? (v. 4.)—If a sheep, of course he will go; if a man or a boy, we may omit the "not," and say, What man doth go? Who is it that like the Shepherd,

"O'er the mountain cold,
Goes to bring the lost one
Back to the fold?"

Nations do not, States and cities do not, police and officers do not. Do the Churches or Sunday schools? It may be that here or there one is sought; but who seeks not a personal friend, but a lost sheep? As before in words Jesus said, Go preach and teach and heal; so now by example he says, Go seek and save. In each parable one solemn truth is set forth—man is lost. The sheep, the silver, and the son were each lost and found. Unwelcome as the truth is to the heart of man, every lesson and parable tells the same story again and again, and this awful fact has called forth the love and activity of God. In the parable of the "lost piece," we see the work of the Spirit, in connection with the work of Christ. The woman lights a candle in a darkened room, cleansing it of the defilement and earthiness in which the treasure is buried. This shows the activity of love. Seeking is personal work. Men are lost one by one. Jesus did not seek them as flock or herds, he sought a lost sheep—he came for one. Seeking may be solitary work. Persons do not seek for a lost thing, unless they believe that it is lost, and they expect to find it. Recently a whole community turned out a day and a night to seek a lost child until it was found, and then the village rang with joyful shouts and pleading bells; but they do not so seek for souls because they do not believe them lost. Many can remember the old bell-man, who rang in the street and cried on the corners, "Lost child! A little boy—four years old, blue eyes, curly hair, had on check apron. Any body finds dis child, bring him to his mother—heart most broke,—Michigan avenue." So God has caused the bells to ring an alarm, and sent criers into the streets to seek his lost child and told them where to bring him.

And when he hath found (v. 5.)—What then? Does he load it with reproaches, or by harsh measures try to teach it the way to return? Far from it. "He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing." Hard work to carry a sheep. So many legs, and such struggling; so dirty, so unworthy—perhaps the black sheep of the flock—but no word of complaint, but rather a joyful song.:

"All through the mountains thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own.'"

And when he cometh home (v. 6.)—Ah yes, when he cometh home! What then? "He calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." Patient Savior, loving Savior; who is like thee in seeking! Rejoicing Savior, who shares they joy! His friends and neighbors! who are they? and where, and what the home that shall witness the joy? "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures." In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures forever more."—*B. F. Jacobs in S. S. Times.*

A Scotch Colony in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, April 15.—Land Commissioner Coffin, of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, has closed a sale of 138,000 acres of land in Barry County, Mo., to the Missouri Land Company of Scotland. The purchase was made by Sidney Boyne & Co., of Chicago, as agents of the Scottish Company. A large number of Scotch colonists will be settled on the land.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

A 15c box of "Rough on Rats" will keep a house free from flies, mosquitoes, rats and mice, the entire season. Druggists.

CHIOS.

The Beautiful Island which was Recently Desolated by an Earthquake.

The ancient fame of Chios has almost wholly passed away. It is to-day little more than a stopping-place for the packets between Smyrna and Constantinople. The currents of the tideless sea glide wavelessly around its shores; the rays of the unclouded sun beat fiercely down on its unsheltered hills. Its once famed vine is rarely cultivated now, and such wealth as it has it mainly acquires from the mastic which it sends to the saraglios of Stamboul. Its natural advantages are great. Its area is nearly four hundred square miles, and it is only separated from the shore of Asia Minor by a strait about seven miles across. Before the Greek revolution the island contained numerous villages and several considerable towns. Its capital was built chiefly by the Genoese, and has been compared with its environs to Genoa the Superb. It contained 30,000 inhabitants, and was remarkable for the beauty of its churches, convents and houses. Ardent promoters of education and passionately fond of their native land, the rich Greek citizens embellished it with colleges, libraries and hospitals. Throughout the Levant and Western Europe the Chians had established the wealthiest and most considerable greenhouses. Their character partook of the softness of the products of their soil. Mild, gay, lively, acute and industrious, the men succeeded alike in commerce and in literature; the women were celebrated for their charms and grace, and the whole people, busy and contented, neither sought nor wished for a change in their political condition. They were hurried into the insurrection of 1822 by bands of adventurers from the neighboring island of Samos. An army of fanatical Moslems was ferried across from Asia Minor and let loose upon the island. The inhabitants, taken by surprise, and enervated by long peace and prosperity, offered no effectual resistance. The Archbishop and the heads of the clergy, with many of the leading citizens, were hanged with every mark of ignominy, and their bodies were thrown into the sea, where, with shoals of other corpses, they floated around the Ottoman ships. A populous city, fifty flourishing villages and many splendid convents and churches, all reduced to ashes, attested the fierceness of Mahommedan revenge, and it was calculated that within two years 25,000 Chians had fallen by the sword and 45,000 had been dragged into slavery. But the Greeks of neighboring Psyra were preparing for their revenge. Constantine Canaris and his thirty-three comrades ran into the midst of the Turkish fleet, grappled their fireship to the huge vessel of the Captain Pacha, blew it up with its crew of 2,000 men, and, shouting "Victory to the Cross!" made good their escape to Psyra without a single wound. Greek independence was won, but Chios was ruined. Fifty years have passed without effacing the signs of the havoc which was then wrought, and the earthquake of Sunday comes to desolate the groves of olive and mastic that were slowly bringing back prosperity to the island.

THE FIFTEEN PUZZLE.

Mr. Richard Proctor's Remarkable Explanation.

Those of our readers, if there be any, who have survived a serious attack of the "Fifteen Puzzle fever," will doubtless take a languid interest in the following communication on the subject which appears in the London *Truth* of January 27:

"Mr. Richard A. Proctor has devoted his energies to the solution of the "Fifteen" or "Boss" Puzzle, and has published some three or four learned articles on the subject. He has calculated that there are no fewer than 20,922,789,888 positions in which the puzzle may be placed if an aspirant desires to attempt its solution. Of these he has satisfied himself that one-half are soluble and the remaining half insoluble. The solubility of the problem depends upon a strange law of relation between the line in which the vacant square occurs and the number of what Mr. Proctor terms 'displacements.' If, for instance, we read the box in the ordinary way, beginning with the upper horizontal line from left to right, and find it to begin with five, there are then four displacements, because 5 comes before 1, 2, 3 and 4, whereas it ought to follow them. Now, according to Mr. Proctor, if the number of displacements are even, and the vacant block is in one of the even horizontal lines, reading from left to right—that is to say, in the second line from the top or in the bottom line—then the problem is soluble. The same is the case if the number of displacements are uneven and the vacant block be in uneven line. But where the displacements are uneven and the line of the vacant block even, or *vice versa*, the problem is insoluble. I do not profess to entirely follow Mr. Proctor's reasoning, any more than to be able to count the stars in the nebula of Orion. But I have followed his rule, and I have never found it to fail."

Mr. Labouchère publishes this with the observation that for his part he finds it rather tougher than the puzzle.

BALLET OF THE VIRGIN.

A Peculiar Way of Honoring the Mother of God.

A correspondent of the Paris *American Register* describes a peculiar act of worship in the old Spanish cathedral at Seville styled "the ballet of the Virgin." He says. "The altar was magnificently decorated with hundreds of lighted wax tapers fixed at a height of between 15 and 20 inches, and a confusion of carpets all embroidered with gold, the whole mise enscene showing a splendor such as only the old and rich cathedral of Seville can put before the eyes of an admiring world. At the foot of the altar, just below the platform on which mass is celebrated, there was left free a sort of porquet about five meters square, and on the side a kind of chamber shut in at either end by the wings of the grand organ, and in which priests were chanting. This lasted one hour and a half, then grand mass was celebrated. Scarcely was it over when a door opened on either side of the high altar, and 12 little boys, dressed in the costumes of ancient Spanish noblemen of the 15th century, entered. They wore shoes with silver buckles, blue silk stockings, knee breeches of green silk, with silver swords, coats of scarlet satin with large slashed sleeves, a cloak thrown on one side, and in their hands large hats trimmed with waving ostrich plumes. At the foot of the altar on the space above described, they took their stand, donned their hats, arranged the castanets, and at last the dancing began. The organ ceased playing, and a numerous and splendid orchestra with at least 15 violins, struck up for a ballet. The dancers not only danced, but sang and marked the time with their castanets; it was done as well as at the grand opera, only perhaps in slower measure, more like a minuet in its quiet grace; the music and the *tout ensemble* were simply perfect. When the ballet was at an end another grand mass was celebrated, but no one remained for that, and I also was glad to go, so I can not tell you how ended this most unique and peculiar manifestation to the Holy Virgin, nor have I with all my inquiries been able to find out how and when it originated."

One of the "Bums."

Baltimore American.

Capt. Boycott's ungrammatical villains still pursue him. One particularly enthusiastic gentleman sent the proprietor of the hotel at which the Captain was stopping in New York a letter, warning him to get rid of the Englishman, and remarking incidentally that "we have bums heare as well as in Russia."

The Great Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy that cures every time and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the great est blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See another column.—*Eagle.*

THE ANXIOUS LINCOLN.

How Democratic Patriotism Availed During the War.

Thurlow Weed's Reminiscences.

We were all worried in the Fall of 1862—in fact, distressed. I remembered saying to the President: "If the war is carried on by a divided North against a united South we are beaten." He felt it, too. He said, one day: "If there is any man in the land who can push on the army one hour faster or one mile further than I can, I will let him have my place." Horatio Seymour had carried New York, and it looked as if Thomas H. Seymour would carry Connecticut, in the face of the loyal people. We were much depressed. I thought, perhaps, that Mr Seymour—Horatio—could help us. I knew him to be honest, incorruptible and patriotic in action. He was possessed by some mischievous political theories, but his practical action was generally all right. It was obvious that we should have a very hard pull of it if Seymour and Eaton continued to oppose us in Connecticut, if Horatio Seymour's message should give comfort to the Rebels, if Vallandigham and Voorhees should continue to discourage enlistments in the West, and McClellan should sulk in his tent at Trenton. It was in this state of things that Mr. Lincoln said one day: "If Horatio Seymour will issue a strong war message and follow it up with corresponding action, I will get out of his way and help to make him President in 1864." I said that Seymour and I were old friends, and that I would at once communicate with him. And it was admirable in the President. Just think how much was at stake. Well, I came home and communicated with Gov. Seymour without delay, through a mutual friend. He received the suggestion favorably, though I believed, and still believe, that it was because he really wanted to save the country more than he wanted to be President. It was understood that all was settled, and that the Governor's message would be for war. But there was a marplot of secession proclivities in Albany at that time, and he invited Vallandigham, Thomas H. Seymour and others to Albany for a conference. The result was the message came out criticising the war and obstructing its prosecution. Seymour's philosophical theories were uppermost again. Then we turned to Gen. McClellan. Mr. Lincoln said that he would do all he could to make McClellan next President if McClellan would come out square and do his utmost for the prosecution of the war. Again I bore the message. I came to New York and through a well-known War Democrat I communicated with McClellan. My message was pleasantly and favorably received, and we opened correspondence. It was arranged that a great war meeting should be held in one of the New York parks, at which McClellan would preside, and that this should lead up to other demonstrations for the Union, in which he should be conspicuous. A day or two before the meeting was advertised to come off I received a letter from McClellan declining to preside! So that affair exploded.

HUMORS OF MORNING CALLS.

"Good By, Dear Mrs. Luncheon."

Glass of Fashion.

An amusing story is told in illustration of the zeal with which some ladies go through this so called penance of morning calls, which apparently fills in their lives a place second only to the pleasure of shopping. Lady B. was living in a part of Scotland where country houses lie scattered at a considerable distance from one another, and the round of visits she had marked out for herself would clearly occupy a whole day. To this plan her daughters objected, alleging that fasting for so many hours always made them ill. "Ah," replied Lady B., "I have guarded against that difficulty by arranging to reach Castle T. at 2 o'clock. The T.'s will then be at luncheon, and will certainly invite us to partake of some."

Lady B. had her way; she and her daughters started, called on two or three "friends," with whom they exchanged the usual conventional commonplaces, and arrived at Castle T. exactly at the calculated hour. Mrs. T. was delighted to see them and entered on an animated conversation, but spake no word of luncheon. The visitors felt the pangs of hunger so acutely that they could scarcely bear their part in the lively talk, and eagerly expected the expected invitation. Half-past two came—a quarter to three. Lady B. could no longer prolong her stay, and took leave of hostess. But, in doing so she betrayed, to Mrs. T.'s astonishment and the intense delight of her daughters, the subject of her secret thoughts. "Good-bye," she said, "dear Mrs. Luncheon!" After a moment's wonder Mrs. T. took the hint, and invited her guests to take some refreshments. As she was really a very hospitable woman she would not be refused, and explained that for the convenience of some members of her family the luncheon hour had been changed to one. Lady D., on her part, made a full confession, and the whole party then set down to an extemporized collation which proved one of the most successful repasts ever served.

TORPEDO WARFARE.

An Episode of the South American War.

St. James's Gazette.

The Lima correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* gives an account of a boat action which took place a few weeks ago off the harbor of Callao, and which proves that the spirit of daring displayed throughout the war by the officers and men of the Peruvian navy has not been destroyed by the many disastrous reverses they have suffered. A small steam launch, armed with a 9-pounder gun and a mitrailleuse, was employed on guard-duty in the harbor of Callao, when about two o'clock in the morning a Chilian launch was observed approaching from the north end of the island of San Lorenzo. The Peruvian bark at once steamed to meet its adversary, and firing four rounds at it caused it to turn and make its way back again behind the island. Shortly afterwards, however, the Chilian launch reappeared, accompanied this time by a larger and armored boat with two funnels. Undismayed by the superiority of its adversary, the Peruvian launch hastened to the encounter, the officer commanding determining to endeavor to destroy the armored Chilian vessel with a torpedo containing 100 pounds of powder with which his boat was provided. Running up under the bows of the Chilian boat the Peruvian officer sought to explode his torpedo by setting fire to its fuse with a lamp, but failing to accomplish this, drew his revolver and fired into the charge of the torpedo. At the second shot this latter exploded. So violent was the explosion that the Peruvian boat was itself completely destroyed, but the bow of the Chilian vessel was also driven in, and the latter sank almost immediately. The six men forming the crew of the Peruvian launch were drowned, but the Lieutenant was picked up by the second Chilian boat, which also took off the crew of her consort. Since then attempts have been made by the Chilians to raise their sunken vessel, but as the latter lies under the guns of one of the forts of the harbor, the effort has hitherto been unsuccessful.

An Illusion Dispelled.

Boston Traveller.

Sen. Jonas, of Louisiana, laboring under the impression that he was the sole Representative of that State, indulged in an exhibition in which he expected to be the sole performer. Like the boy who tickled the heels of the mule, he is not so pretty as he was, but he knows more. Henceforth he will realize that he has a colleague.

The Mahone Party.

Detroit Free Press.

The Mahone party in the Senate is not very large, but very powerful. This is due, probably, to the fact, that it is so cordially united. In union there is always strength. This spectacle of harmony ought to inspire other political parties.

CARMELITE NUNS.

Now in New York, Going to Spain.

NEW YORK, April 13.—In the month of September, 1879, a company of Carmelite nuns took possession of a handsome house on Riverdale avenue, in the City of Yonkers, Westchester County, intending to make it a temporary convent until they should be able to erect a suitable building for their use. They came from Guatemala, Central America, where they, with 23 others, had endowed a convent in which they were domiciled. In 1873, the year succeeding the passing of the edict declaring the Jesuits in the Republic extinct, their convent and valuable property were confiscated by the Government, and this branch of the order disbanded, all but 14 remaining to their homes. The Mother Superior, Adelaide of Teresa (nee O'Sullivan), having been born in New York, claimed the protection of the United States Consul, which was accorded her, and she determined to re establish the convent in the United States. Eleven of the members, to preserve their conventional life, removed in 1877 to Savannah, Ga., but finding the climate did not agree with them, they removed to Yonkers, took an unoccupied house, and fitted it up for temporary use while looking for a suitable spot on which to establish themselves permanently. These nuns are now about to leave for Spain. They have been ordered by Cardinal McCloskey to give up their habitation, and, not being financially able to support themselves and build a convent here, determined to accept an invitation extended by Bishop Fernando de Castro, of Leon, Spain, to make their home in that country. This leaves but one convent of this very strict Catholic order in the United States, and that is located in Baltimore.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Another Distressing Dilemma.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Should the serious illness of Lieutenant Governor Haskins, of New York, terminate in his death another complication will be added to the trouble now existing over the Collectorship nomination for the port of New York. Robertson, the nominee, is President pro tem. of the New York Senate, hence should Haskins die Robertson will become Lieutenant Governor of New York.

Some of Sen. Conkling's friends say in such an event Robertson would gladly consent to the withdrawal of his name. The President's friends say he would not withdraw Robertson's name even in case of Haskins' death.

David Davis on the Political Situation.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Sen. David Davis has written a letter to John Martin of Kansas, on the present political situation, having reference to the Senate dead lock. Davis says that both parties are controlled by monopolists, and neither can assert its will, policy, or that of its constituents. He says the monopolists control and influence handicaps both the Republican and Democratic parties, and the only solution of the political difficulties is in the reorganization of these parties. Davis says if the Democratic party would disband, the Republican party would fall to pieces because it is only kept together by Federal patronage and by the agitation of sectional questions; that the disbanding of the Democratic party would set the Republican party to quarreling over the distribution of patronage and remove sectional questions, and thus its organization would be destroyed, and this would open a way for new parties representing the will of the people.

The Way They Do It in Durango.

DENVER, Col., April 13.—The Republican's Durango special says early on the morning of the tenth Chas. Mormon, a Leadville stage driver, with two companions, entered the theater and gambling house. Mormon drew his revolver as he entered, and with an oath fired twice, killing Polk Prindle, a peaceable citizen and a stranger to Mormon, and wounding a young man in the arm. He fled, but was overtaken and jailed. Late at night unmasked Vigilantes took the prisoner from the jail and hung him to a tree in the presence of several hundred citizens. Notice was given that it would be death to the man who cut him down before morning.

A New Religious Enterprise.

MADISON, Wis., April 13.—A movement is on foot here for the establishment of a Sunday School Assembly across Lake Monona similar to the one at Chautauqua, New York; Island Park, Indiana; and Clear Lake, Iowa. The movement was inaugurated last evening by the presentation of 15 acres of land by Dr. William Jacobs, near Tonyawatha Springs, and a subscription of $590 by citizens at a meeting held in the Congregational Church last evening. One thousand dollars more is needed to assure the success of the enterprise, which will be readily subscribed by our citizens.

A Sanguinary Lover.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 13.—This morning Denis Godfrey, an expressman, shot at Mrs. Catherine Bohen, a peddler, at the Oakland Ferry landing, the ball lodging in the woman's dress and not hurting her. Godfrey, without stopping to see the result of his shot, got into his wagon, drove to Mrs. Bohen's house, in South Park, where he found James Burns in bed. He attempted to shoot Burns, but the pistol snapped, whereupon Burns jumped out of bed, got the pistol from Godfrey, and knocked him down. Burns went for a policeman, and when he returned found that Godfrey had cut his throat with a pocket-knife. Godfrey was taken to the prison, where his wound was dressed. He will probably live. Jealousy was the cause of the affair.

Dealing Death with a Cigar.

NEW YORK, April 13.—Five persons suffering from small pox were removed yesterday from 69 Carmine street, where a woman sold cigars for a fortnight, knowing she had the disease. The number to whom the woman has communicated the disease may practically prove unlimited. The hospital on Blackwell's is crowded and tents are over filled with sufferers from small pox and typhus.

Old Aunty's Fortune.

NEW ORLEANS, April 13.—Rachel Cruden, a poor, ignorant colored woman, aged 48 years, was recognized to day as the legatee of Richard Cruden, deceased, and, as such, entitled to $40,000. The case has been in progress for a long time, but it was never thought that she would gain the suit. Rachel was absent from the State 20 years. She was a slave at the time Cruden died.

Embalming Chinese at Sea.

San Francisco Call.

Every steamer sailing for China from this port takes in the steerage a large number of returning Mongolians, many of whom are sick and suffering from incurable diseases. Death is a frequent occurrence among them, and the dead are generally embalmed after an inexpensive and effective method. The embalmment of the defunct heathen is thus described by a gentleman who took a passage upon the "Belgic" upon her last trip: "I saw the interesting process of embalmment this morning. The surgeon cut a gash in the neck, picked up an artery, tapped it, and with a hand-pump injected about two gallons of arsenical solution into the veins until they stood out all over the body. Having tied up the artery to keep

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

David Davis is at his home in Illinois.

The "Labrador" brought $813,000 gold.

There were 172 deaths in Chicago last week.

Candahar has been evacuated by the British.

Sen. Saunders has left Washington for Omaha.

The French Senate has adjourned until May 12.

Mr. Gladstone is firm in regard to the Transvaal question.

Buffalo had an $85,000 fire Thursday night; partly insured.

Dillon condemns the Irish land bill, and wants the tenant farmers not to accept it.

The smallpox and typhus fever is spreading in New York to an alarming extent.

Cleveland has adopted the base ball scheme of advertising a sewing machine company.

Congressman Burrows, of Michigan, has been invited to deliver the Decoration Day address at Gettysburg.

The ground has been frozen to the depth of three and a half feet in the vicinity of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

It is estimated that the importation of foreign gold bullion and coin for the fiscal year will reach $100,000,000.

The Quebec Government is reported in financial straits, having expended the $4,000,000 loan and wanting more.

The Rothschilds decline to take the Italian loan during the present condition of affairs between France and Italy.

The doctors and sailors from American ships particularly distinguished themselves in tending the wounded at Chio.

Martin L. Dulany, of North Carolina, is an applicant for the Haytien mission, Mr. Langston being anxious to come home.

The jury in the contested Marshalship election case of Wooster, returned a verdict in favor of Henry Horn, Republican.

The stable employes of the Chicago West Division Railway have been granted an advance of 25 cents per day without striking.

The Georgia railroad has been leased to the South Carolina Railroad Company for 99 years, at an annual rental of $600,000.

Three hundred merchants of Glasgow have signed a memorial in favor of England's representation at the monetary conference.

The Ohio Republican State Central Committee have decided to issue a call for a State Convention, to be held at Cleveland June 8.

J. H. Paine, of Wisconsin, has been appointed chief clerk of the Department of Agriculture to succeed Gen. E. A. Carmen, relieved.

The Basuto Chiefs have accepted the modistion of the Governor of the Cape Colony, and prospects of peace are considered satisfactory.

The great billiard match between Schaefer and Slosson results in favor of the former, the scores standing Schaefer, 4,000; Slosson, 2,780.

Charley Ross has been found again—this time at Langleton, Essex, England, where he has until recently been in the possession of a woman.

Several vessels have been driven ashore on the Jersey coast. Heavy snow storms rage in Massachusetts, while other parts of the country are suffering from cold.

The remains of Rowland Hill have been transferred from Surrey Chapel and reburied at the tower erected in commemoration of the abolition of slavery.

A letter from Montana states that the estimate of the loss of cattle, owing to the severe winter, had been much too high, and that it would not exceed 10 per cent.

Miss Goodrich, of Yellow Creek, Ill., claims to have been miraculously cured by divine interposition of a disease from which she had been prostrated for six years.

Mrs. Susan W. Fletcher, of London, the pretended spiritual medium, has been sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment with hard labor for defrauding Mrs. Hart Davies.

The late Amelia A. Cobb, of New York, bequeathed $20,000 to Presbyterian missions and charities and $9,000 to found three scholarships in Presbyterian theological seminaries.

A woman in New York became insane from anxiety for her children, who had been exposed to small pox, and killed herself by jumping from the roof of a five story building.

The Irish authorities have made arrangements to seize, in future, copies of the New York Irish World in transit between New York and Queenstown, as a treasonable publication.

A boy named Andrew Brando was stabbed by a schoolmate at Detroit, yesterday, while in the school room, by William Petzol. The wound is not fatal. The boys are each about 12 years old.

President Brand, of the Orange Free State, who has just returned to Natal from the Transvaal, is sanguine enough to think that all the States of South Africa will be confederated under one Government.

Pres. Garfield will deliver an oration on the occasion of the Yorktown Centennial celebration, in which he seems to take great interest. Sec. Blaine will attend to the entertainment of the French visitors.

Richard Huntley, a Brooklyn lawyer, got judgment for $20,656 as counsel fee against Charles W. Goddard and David W. Fessenden, for whom he recovered $591,610 from Ezra Cornell, founder of Cornell University.

Dr. Carver, the American marksman has challenged the 10 best shots of the Hurlingham Club and the Gun Club of London, to a pigeon shooting match for £500, the Doctor shooting a thousand pigeons to his opponents 100 each.

The widow of the late Gen. Jacob Fry, mother of Gen. James B. Fry, Chief of Gen. Hancock's staff, died at the old homestead, eight miles north of Jeffersonville, Ill., yesterday. The remains were taken to Springfield for interment.

Sergeant Bates who carried the American flag through the Southern States, as well as through portions of Europe, after the late war, is reported dying in extreme poverty in Saybrooke, Ills. He has a wife and six children, who will be left destitute.

The latest dispatches from Tunis represent a great change has taken place in the Bey's disposition towards France. He seems now disposed to co-operate with the French against the Kroumirs. This is believed to be the result of the withdrawal of the Italian support. If so, the expedition loses much of its gravity.

In the Christiansey divorce suit, in Washington, Miss Lillie Meloy, testified that Mrs. Christiansey was at home all day on Christmas of 1878, and consequently could not have been the woman who visited him at the St. James Hotel that afternoon. Three more witnesses are to be examined on this point.

Sec. Windom has every reason to believe that his refunding policy, which is generally approved will be successful, and it is not improbable that he will provide for the maturing five per cent. bonds in the same manner. He wishes, if possible, to avoid selling the $104,000,000 of 4 and 4½ per cents, and will do so only in case it shall become absolutely necessary.

A New York detective on Sunday night secreted himself beneath a bed in a room occupied by a man whom he suspected of being concerned in robbing the residence of Frank Wolf, in Essex street. Henry B. Moses, Henry Schwartz and Charles Coleman came into the room and were talking about the disposition of the goods, when the detective made his appearance, locked the door and captured the whole party.

Chicago has organized a Mercantile Club.

A number of new cases of small-pox have been discovered in Chicago.

The Pennsylvania Republican State Convention will be held September 8.

The City Treasurer of Vincennes, Ind., is found to be short about $29,000.

Edgar A. Freeman, the English historian, is coming to this country next Fall.

The center of population, according to the census, is a little south of Covington, Ky.

The Western Nail Association has increased the price of nails from $3 to 3.15 per keg.

Bessen, Republican, has been declared elected Mayor of Hoboken, New York, by 24 majority.

A young German named Hermann committed suicide near Watertown, Wis., Saturday night.

Michael Quinlan, a grocery keeper, was shot dead at Augusta, Georgia, by Jacob Fair, who escaped.

Joseph and Louis Kautz, brewers, New York, have assigned. Preferred liabilities, $315,000; assest, $700,000.

Heavy frosts are reported throughout Texas, doing considerable damage to corn, cotton, fruits and vegetables.

Five bodies from the wrecked ship "Huntington" have been picked up the life-saving crew near Chatham, Mass.

Doctors and sailors from American ships particularly distinguished themselves in attending the wounded at Chio.

It is said the Monetary Conference will be postponed for a fortnight to allow time for further negotiation with England.

F. S. Burton, foreman of construction of the American Union Telegraph Company at New Orleans, killed himself Sunday.

The immigration from China to the United States, is reported as 8,304 in 1880, a falling off of 1,515, as compared with 1879.

Thomas Stacy, a farm laborer, 70 years old, fell from a bridge at Lowellville, O., Saturday night, while intoxicated, and was killed.

Part of Wells Ballenbeck's dwelling and shoe factory, and part of the Wyoming Valley Hotel burned at Wilkesbarre, Sunday.

The Governor of Massachusetts refuses to interfere with the sentence of Stearns K. Abbott, who will be executed at Cambridge next Friday.

At a meeting in Chicago, the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association resolved to hold its annual regatta at Peoria, June 22 to 24.

Six new cases of typhus fever and one of small pox were found in New York Sunday by the health officers. Four fatal cases of typhus.

Lloyd C. Haynes is behind the bars at St. Louis, charged with embezzling money belonging to his employers, in that City. He denies the charge.

The famous Mollett cattle ranch in Texas has been sold to Mr. Hughes, of St. Louis, and Mr. Simpson, of Weatherford, Tex., for $300,000.

Private Dalzell has written a letter to Sec. Kirkwood declining the $1,800 per annum clerical appointment tendered him in the pension office.

Desmond Donahue, aged 9, slipped from a log in the Tuna creek at Bradford, Pa., Sunday evening, and was drowned. The body has not been recovered.

The body of James H. Wallace, a contrator, was found drowned in the river at Milwaukee, Wis., last night. He had considerable money on his person. The case is somewhat mysterious.

A woman in New York became insane the other day from anxiety for her children, who had been exposed to smallpox, and killed herself by jumping from the roof of a five story building.

A party of emigrants from Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware, numbering 576 persons, intend starting soon for the purpose of settling in Texas, at a point 90 miles north of San Antonio.

Marshal Bazaine comes to the front long enough to challenge the French Ambassador at Madrid for alleged indignity. As the Marshal is a disgraced officer, the Ambassador cannot fight him.

Great activity is apparent in the work of grading the Northern Pacific up the valley of the Yellowstone, where 3,000 men will soon be employed, preference being given those who intend settling in the region.

G. W. Manypenny, Chairman of the Ute Commission, recently resigned, has consented to serve as a member of the Commission until relieved by his successor. Manypenny is at his home at Columbus, O.

F. B. VanValkenburg, one of Milwaukee's most prominent lawyers, and one of the wealthiest men of that City, was sentenced to a fine of $300 yesterday in the Circuit Court for tampering with the Court records.

Colonel Thomas A. Scott lately bought, at a sale in Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, a clock made by his uncle in 1790. It still keeps good time, and every three hours plays a tune on a chime of bells.

The Denver & New Orleans road seems to be pushing ahead. The stock allotted to Denver was subscribed some time ago and the first installment paid up. The President of the road is now east placing the remainder.

Saturday night and Sunday it rained from Yerka in the north, to Santa Barbara in the southern part of California. The rain fall is heavy, especially in the central and southern parts of the State, where most needed.

In the case of Mary A. Murray vs. Gen G. L. Tylor, Postmaster of Baltimore, for $20,000 damages for an alleged indecent assault, while an employe of the Post-office, the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, assessing damages at $5,000.

The Postmaster General will soon officially declare all publications issued in violation of copyrights granted by the United States unmailable matter. It seems Canada has been republishing an American book and circulating it in the United States at less than American rates.

Number of immigrants arrived at New York during March, 44,125, of whom 18,000 were from Germany and 3,000 from Ireland. Number arrived during the nine months ended March 31, 351,000. Of these 102,000 were from Germany, 87,000 from Canada and 33,000 from Ireland.

IT IS OVER.

The Earl of Beaconsfield Passes Away at Five O'clock, Tuesday Morning.

LONDON, April 19.—Beaconsfield took nourishment up to half-past 1 o'clock. About 2 he became comatose, breathing with much difficulty. Drs. Kidd and Bruce at once applied the usual restoratives, but for the first time since his illness, they failed to produce any effect, and it became evident that death was imminent. Lord Barrington, Dr. Quain and Sir Phillip Rose were hastily summoned. Five minutes before he expired his breathing became slow and gentle. His face was very placid. The heart's action and pulse continued a few minutes after the breathing ceased to be apparent.

Friends and nurses continued round the bed a few minutes after the pulse ceased. As the end was so quiet it was difficult to realize that he was dead.

The evening editions of the Standard and Globe appear in mourning.

The executors of Beaconsfield's will are Sir Nathaniel Rotschild and Sir Phillip Rose.

HIS BURIAL PLACE.

The Earl of Beaconsfield will be buried by the side of his wife in the graveyard of the Parish Church, of Hughenden Manor. At least, it is understood this was his earnest wish and direction. The Queen and the people would, no doubt, be glad to honor him with a grave in Westminster Abbey, but it is probable his own wish will be respected.

THE SENATE.

Tilt Between Sen. Dawes and the Democrats.

Sen. Mahone Pronounces Hill a Coward and a Liar.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—In the Senate yesterday afternoon Sen. Dawes took the floor, and reviewed the grounds on which he said the Democrats had attempted to justify their position, and in the course of his speech charged the Democrats with having attempted to make the Senator from Virginia (Mahone) co-operate with them. "Did not the Senator from Ohio (Pendleton) know of the failure of the attempts to get the vote of that Senator, in order to elect for Sergeant at Arms a man who still affiliates with him? Had the Senator from Ohio just heard of the offices tendered the Senator from Virginia if he would but take his stand with those who had tried to annihilate him and his power?"

Sen. Beck—"That is not true."

Sen. Pendleton—"Be a little more explicit. The Senator is talking about something I do not comprehend at all. I understood him to say something about another candidate that he or we or somebody would have put up some time ago and that offices were tendered somebody, if he would give his vote to our side. I do not know to what the Senator refers."

Sen. Dawes—"Perhaps it was wise the Senator spokesman of that side should not be furnished with details."

Sen. Pendleton—"I would be glad if the Senator would inform me, as I have not been informed before."

Sen. Dawes—"The inquiry I made was, had it just come to the Senator's ears that there were efforts being made before the Senate convened and afterwards, and that Senators, even representing themselves to be of the Committee for the arrangement of the Committees of the Senate, approached the Senator from Virginia and made propositions."

Sen. Pendleton—"I hear it now for the first time and I would like the Senator to name the committee to which he alludes or the gentlemen representing themselves as such."

Sen. Harris—"I desire to say to the Senator from Mississippi I chance to have been of the committee for arrangement of committees and if any candidate for Sergeant at Arms or any official position of any grade or character was ever offered to the Senator from Virginia on condition he would vote with this side I have never heard it, and I do not believe there is one word of truth in the insinuation made by the Senator."

Sen. Beck—"And nobody else."

Sen. Dawes—"I had no doubt of that response when I made the statement. The Senator from Tennessee (Harris) speaks with exceeding precision. I have not made any statement that any such committee made the propositions. I did say——"

Sen. Harris, (interrupting)—"I beg the Senator not to deal in innuendoes. I ask him to do this side and himself the justice to name the man and deal no longer in innuendoes or hide himself behind a veil of secrecy in regard to a fact such as that. Name your man, and if you do not, I repeat I do not believe there is one word of truth in the intimation or insinuation thrown out by the Senator."

Sen. Dawes—"The Senator plays an old, worn out role in this chamber. The Senator will not hold a threat over me or my liberty of debate."

Sen. Harris—"I only invite the Senator to tell the truth."

Sen. Dawes—"The Senator from Virginia, and Senators on the other side, know whether what I have said is true or not, and I state further that before this Senate met, negotiations were in progress by the other side of this Chamber."

Sen. Butler (interrupting)—"Do I understand the Senator to state that the Senator from Virginia was open to negotiations from anybody for his vote?"

Sen. Dawes—"Who can tell what the Senator understands?"

Sen. Butler—"Will the Senator pardon me?"

Sen. Dawes—"I have no power to pardon the Senator."

Sen. Butler—"Certainly the Senator has power to be pert and impolite, and I will yield him the monopoly on that at least."

Sen. Dawes—"I supposed the Senator understood what I meant. I did not say the Senator from Virginia had entered into any negotiations. I said they undertook to open negotiations with the Senator. I do not mean to say any Senator on the other side in person made that attempt, but I undertake to say from information received from the Senator from Virginia and from sources I have the utmost confidence in, that representative men on that side undertook to enter into negotiations and had their man selected, and they went away with the assurances if his vote could be commanded that man could be elected. Of course it is wise for the other side to be in such a position that it is able to make the demonstration it has made here this morning. It would have been the hight of stupidity and folly to have undertaken this in any more open way. Everything charged against the Republican side finds in fact its foundation in the consciousness of the other side, and it is the failure of the efforts on its part that has given bitterness and virulency to the attacks upon the Senator from Virginia."

Sen. Pendleton—"I understood the Senator to say, by representative men negotiations were opened with the Senator from Virginia, by which certain offices and the reorganization of committee would be given him, or put in his control, if he would vote with this side of the chamber. Am I right?"

Sen. Dawes—"No, I say it was attempted on the other side to negotiate with the Senator from Virginia, and to ascertain from him what his wishes were in connection with that side, and what would be the most agreeable to him, and I think there are persons within the sound of my voice who will recognize what I now say, when I say he was informed the Democratic party had got sick of bourbonism in Virginia, and was desirous of joining with him in this new departure."

Sen. Pendleton—"I desire to say, so far as I know, so far as I have heard, so far as I believe, the information given the Senator is absolutely false."

Sen. Dawes, (continuing)—"The Senator from Virginia had taken his stand himself. He had taken it deliberately. He had asked no questions and made no terms. He had made no negotiations and received no committees. No man from the Republican side had gone to him and asked him, 'What office do you want?' No. Without a conference, determining himself where his great work laid, he resolved on the accomplishment of it, and on availing himself of all means within his reach for its accomplishment."

Sen. Harris—"Does not the Senator know when he speaks about majorities that without the aid of this side of the Chamber, the 38 Senators on that side are utterly powerless under the Constitution to perform any act which would be binding on any individual in the land. You have no quorum."

Sen. Dawes—"Does the Senator mean he will again secede, as he did 20 years ago? Does he mean that he will not perform his constitutional functions here? This is war in another form. This is as fatal, if it succeeds, to the existence of the government of the majority as was the undertaking of Jefferson Davis, when he announced the same doctrine in another form from where the Senator now stands. Has it come up here in this mild and insidious form that the majority is help'ess unless the minority prove true to its oath and its duty? If so, this day's debate is more important than any day's debate which has been had in this chamber since the foundation of the Government."

After some further remarks by Sens. Harris and Dawes, Sen. Saunders explained the pairing of Sen Mahone with Sen. Williams, and Sen. Beck said when Sen. Mahone avowed himself a Republican the Democrats would be ready to pair with him and not until then.

After some further discussion by Sens. Hill, Hoar and others, Sen. Mahone took the floor. He had not impugned and would not impugn the motives of the people of any State who had dealt with their State debt. That was a matter which concerned themselves. He denied any Senator on either side of the Chamber had ever approached him improperly as to the organization of the Senate. He did not presume any honorable man would expect him violate the amenities of life and state that had taken place between him and the Senators on the subject of organization. It was true he had been asked by some Democratic Senators, as to what his action would be in regard to the organization, but whether the Senators who came to him from either side, came as representatives of a caucus, he had never thought of inquiring. His response to both had been alike in effect. He had no wish to prefer, but he intended on all occasions to vote as he pleased. [Applause in galleries.] He had come here with obligations to neither party and in the discharge of his duty he would follow his own judgment as to how he voted. His action was not to be controlled by a caucus. He repelled the suggestion that he could be approached by any person with a plan or scheme, or combination to reach ends in the Senate chamber that were not legitimate. He was the custodian of his own Democracy. [Audible comments on the use of the word "Democracy."]

Referring then to the debate last Thursday when he was not present when Sen. Hill said of Sen. Mahone's vote: "But we would not have bought it," he said: "That language admits of one or more interpretations, and I come to ask the Senator from Georgia, (as his language in one aspect implies that my vote had been, or could be bought), whether he intends to convey any such idea."

Sen. Hill (in his seat)—"Go on, and I will answer."

Sen. Mahone—"I am ready for you to answer now."

Sen. Hill (taking the floor in his own right)—"Now I shall make to that Senator the answer which I feel he or any other Senator ought to make me under such circumstances, and tell exactly the truth. The Senator from New Hampshire seemed to be going on the assumption that the other side was charged with having bought the vote of the Senator from Virginia, and he seemed to be implying we had wanted to buy it and could not do it. I denied (addressing himself directly to Sen. Mahone) that we did buy your vote. I denied that we wanted to buy your vote. I denied that we would have bought your vote. We would not have given you a fig for your vote."

Sen. Mahone—"As the Senator fails here to answer directly a direct question, I will give him a problem to solve. He shall have a conundrum. I say to him if he did mean to imply that my vote had been or could be bought, he states, or undertakes to convey, that which is foul, untruthful, false, and that no man less than a coward would make it. [The reporter gives the sentence as delivered.] "Now, I say to him, he can solve in his own mind whether he so intended or not." [Addressing himself directly to Sen. Hill in a menacing tone.] "You can solve that, sir, if you choose. That is all I have to say to you now." [Resuming his seat.]

Sen. Hill—"I would not insult a Senator in this chamber. The Senator cannot insult me. He is powerless to insult anybody. The Senator (Mahone) asked me a question. I answered his question. I answered it explicitly. If the Senator (Mahone) thinks he can suppress a gentleman in a discussion in this Senate by assuming to play the bully, he has made a mistake."

A motion by Sen. Farley to go into executive session was lost by 20 to 20.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The unfinished business was laid before the Senate. A motion to go into executive session was lost.

Petitions relative to the case of Boynton, were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Sen. Blair offered the following:

"Resolved, In the judgment of the Senate, public interests require Congress to be convened in public session immediately."

Sen. Blair, in support of the resolution read a letter asserting that a recent decision of the Supreme Court meant ruin to the hosiery and knit goods industry of New England, and suggesting an extra session of Congress as a relief.

He called the attention of the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations to the fact that DeLesseps was digging his canal to day and it was becoming a vested right. There would be no remedy for this if immediate action were not taken, unless it be by war. There were other considerations which made it almost imperative that there should be an extra session, and that as soon as the House could be called together. The Senate was hooked until December. The Senators on the other side had taken their position and it would be cowardly for them to retreat from it. The Republican Senators had taken their position and it would be cowardly for them to retreat. He offered the resolution without consultation with his colleague. Let the dead lock be broken in any way in which the Democrats would consent to have it broken.

Crop Prospects.

NEW YORK, April 18.—The peach crop in Lower Delaware and Maryland have been badly injured by frosts. Trees are fully one month late in blooming. There is a good prospect for a fine crop of peaches in the Southwestern part of Georgia. The season has indeed been a severe one on all kinds of vegetables from Florida to Norfolk.

A Lost Discharge.

Dr. I. W. HITCHCOCK, of Mt. Vernon, Ill., has sent us the discharge of JAMES PLUMMER, late of Co. K, 42 O. V. I., which he desires shall reach its owner or his heirs. Application can be made for it at the office of the BLADE.

Chances.

"Do not let your chances
Like sunbeams pass you by."

But send $2 to the Commonwealth Distribution Co., Louisville, Ky., and buy a ticket in the next drawing (April 30th) where you will have a chance at 1,000 prizes, and perhaps draw $30,000. Address R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

WE know of no tool that needs to be more reliable than the pocket-knife, for most of the time it is the only one at hand to help one out of a difficulty, and we are glad in this connection to call attention to the advertisement of Maher & Grosh in another column who advertise "knives to cut," and to assure our readers they will do just what they promise to do.—*Inland New Yorker.*

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Consumption.

Owing to a popular idea that a remedy said to cure a variety of maladies should be treated with caution, if not suspicion, the Fellows Company deem it in this place to call attention to the gratifying assurance by a great number of the rare vitalizing and health-restoring properties of his preparation of Hypophosphites, under a variety of circumstances, he is equally satisfied that these effects are secured by its use, that its action is peculiar to his preparation, and that Consumption is not only curable, but, up to a certain stage, is as easily controlled as most other organic diseases.

While it is the aim of the inventor to convey information to such as require his Hypophosphites, it is his firm belief that its use will be valuable to all who desire a long life or who are struggling for health.

With a faith based upon the experience of twelve years, he would not despair of restoring a patient suffering from the last named disease, even though reduced to a very low state and not complicated by actual organic loss.

FLINT, MICH., May 10 1880.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to say that I esteem your "Hypophosphites" most highly, and for the use engaged in professions which draws largely on the nervous system it is invaluable. I have used it myself with the most satisfactory results, and have introduced it to a large number of my people.

REV. R. W. HAIRE
Pastor St Michael's Catholic Church

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, April 20, 1881.

During the past week there was no change of significance in the money market. Rates for call loans ranged at 4 to 6 per cent. with 5 per cent. as the rate prevailing most of the time. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6 per cent. The foreign securities were dull. State securities were in light request. Rail road bonds moderately active. At the New York Stock Exchange there was a little more activity than on the previous week, yet there was no signs of excitement.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 5@6 per cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6 per cent Bar, silver, 112¾c. Exchange steady at 481½ for 60 days, and 483½ for sight. Government Bonds quiet and firm. State Bonds active Railroad Bonds in light request. Since 11 o'clock the stock market speculation has been weak, and at noon prices showed a decline of ½ to 2¼ per cent., Western Union, New Jersey Central and Delaware, Lackawanna & Western leading the downward movement.

Government bonds—1881 coupons, 103¾; new fives, coupons, 102¾; new four-and-a-halfs, coupons, 113½; new fours, registered, 114¼; Pacific 6s of 95, 131 bid.

The important event of the week was the announcement of Sec. Windom's scheme to provide for the 6 per cent. bonds maturing July 1, which promises to prove entirely successful. The unanimity of Senators, Treasury officials, bankers, and the press of the country in approving the course of the Secretary is not only encouraging, but remarkable. The Secretary offers to the holders of the $195,000,000 of 6 per cents. an alternative of payment or an extension at 3½ per cent. for a period of time at the option of the Government. The scheme will undoubtedly result in the placing of the largest loan, payable at the option of the borrower, at the lowest rate ever negotiated by individuals or governments. The adverse comments to the Secretary's plan have been quite insignificant.

The Customs returns of the imports of merchandise at the port of New York continue to make small showings, the returns on Saturday last being but $6,555,231, which is $5,618,147 less than for the corresponding week of 1880.

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

	Decrease.	Increase
Loans		$1,039,000
Specie		2,880,700
Legal tenders		975,300
Deposits		6,082,000
Circulation		171,300
Total Reserve		1,807,400

The banks now hold $4,042,625 in excess of the legal requirements.

Since the last issue of the BLADE the season has been more backward than was anticipated, the atmosphere being more chilly than was expected, with rain prevailing part of the time, making the roads in bad condition for easy transportation. Business has been retarded, but there is a cheerful feeling among business men, which augurs well for the near future. This hopefulness is based upon information from different sections of the country, that as soon as the weather becomes settled trade will set in in earnest. The year 1880 will be notable for the amount of business transacted in almost every department, notwithstanding the fact that the Spring has been later than usual, and active industrial pursuits will be crowded into closer limits than during the year 1880.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	73¾	74	73	73¾	.....	74
New Tennessee's	70½	71¾	74	73¾	.....	74
Old Virginia's	37	37	37	38	.....	39½
New Virginia's	37	36	37½	35	.....	34
Missouri 6's	115	111½	115	112	.....	110½
Louisiana 7's	60	60¾	60¼	60¾	.....	60½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 6's 1881	103¾	103¾	103¾	103	.....	103¼
U. S. 5's, new	102¾	102¾	102¾	102⅝	.....	102¾
U. S. new 4½'s	113⅝	112½	113¼	113	.....	113¼
U. S. new 4's	114⅝	113⅝	113¾	114	.....	114⅝
Sterling, sight	483½	481	483	483¼	.....	483¼
Sterling, 60 days	481¼	481	481	481¼	.....	481
Pacific 6's of '95	131	131	130	130	.....	131

DRY GOODS.

The past week was somewhat disappointing in the dry goods trade, the volume of business being below anticipations. The continued inclement weather had a marked effect upon the movement of goods, as roads in the interior were worse, if anything, than on the previous week. However, the takings would average well with those of the same date last year. The condition of the market generally may be summed up as follows: Cotton goods are in moderate demand from agents for immediate replenishing. Prices are barely sustained on plain and colored cottons and the market has a downward tendency. The supply is increasing, and in some makes of colored cottons of low grades an excess is apparent. Brown sheetings and shirtings are in good supply, with the exception of a few makes of fine browns, which are well sold up. New business from agents is very moderate. Jobbers are transacting a moderate piece trade. Bleached sheetings and shirtings continue in fair movement through jobbers at somewhat irregular quotations. The demand from agents lacks animation. Prices have a declining tendency. Colored cottons, including denims, ducks and drills, are firm and well sold up. Tickings, corset jeans, plaid osnaburgs, cheviots, checks, stripes and roll jackonets are easier in prices and in full supply. Ginghams continue firm, active and well sold up at full prices. Prints move fairly from jobbers for the best styles of fancies at current quotations. In outside tickets and off styles jobbers are offering special bargains. The best regular standard makes, however, are unchanged. The quantity of goods distributed by Toledo jobbers was considerably more than last year for the corresponding week, but was slightly under the preceding week. With fine weather and increased facilities for transportation, the trade will undoubtedly assume unusually large proportions, as it is known that stocks in the hands of retailers are not large.

GROCERIES.

Latest mail advices say: There has been a fair trade done from first hands in Brazil coffee, but the distributive demand was rather sloow. Mild coffee of all grades, except Mocha, is in good supply, and in fair request with holders. In sugar the market has assumed a steady tone; holders firm and not offering stock. In teas, the large offerings of the past two weeks resulted in placing the price of Formosa Oolong at a lower point than they have reached for a length of time. Green teas were rather easier in price; Japans steady.

Advices by telegraph say: Refined sugars firm. Coffee steady. Teas dull. Fruits quiet.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The decrease in weekly shipments at Boston shows that the spring season is rapidly drawing to a close. In several lines there are daily orders for piecing-out lots. Salesmen have gone out with Fall samples. There was some improvement in trade in New York during the week, and the increased traffic was evenly distributed. In Philadelphia the trade was fair and the movement to inter or points steady.

COTTON.

The consumption of cotton in the South last year is given by the census as 180,00 bales; of these, 139,900 were used in the Atlantic States, nearly half of this being in Georgia. The consumption in the New England States was, 1,140,600 bales, Massachusetts, of course standing first and using one half of the whole New England allotment; in the Middle States, including the New England allotment, 231,000; in the Western States 28,000. The total consumption in the country, therefore, is about 1,586,000 bales, 181,629 persons being employed in the working of this quantity of cotton.

HARDWARE, ETC.

In hardware jobbers report an active market, particularly for builders' material and mechanics' tools. A number of changes in prices have been made during the past week. Nails were advanced 15c per keg by the manufacturers at their last meeting on the 13th inst. Iron is very firm, with indications of higher prices. Tin plate is in good demand at an advance on nearly all brands.

That our imports of iron and steel will be less this year than last, seems certain; that both our production and consumption of the same will be greater is altogether probable; and that prices will average lower is pretty well established. In forecasting the trade for the present year the foregoing propositions may be relied upon with a good deal of confidence.

The pig iron market in Pittsburg presents no new features. The inquiry is moderate and dealers are to some extent discouraged. Bad weather throughout the country has seriously retarded the consumption of iron and steel in their various forms.

Brain and Nerve Food.

VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Composed of the Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.

PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED 300,000 PACKAGES WITH THE BEST RESULTS IN ALL FORMS OF IMPAIRED VITAL, MENTAL EXHAUSTION, OR WEAKENED DIGESTION, IT IS THE BEST NERVE TONIC KNOWN. IT GIVES REST AND SLEEP TO INFANTS, CHILDREN AND ADULTS. BY STRENGTHENING THE BRAIN AND NERVES WITH FOOD THEY ACTUALLY REQUIRE.

For sale by Druggists or mail, $1.00. F. CROSBY, 664 & 666 Sixth ave., N. Y.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a preparation of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and the Phosphates, associated with the Vegetable Aromatics. Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, Nervous Prostration, Convalescence from Fevers and Chronic Chills and Fever. It serves every purpose where a TONIC is necessary.

Manufactured by THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., No. 213 North Main Street, St. Louis.

CURES DYSPEPSIA. IRON TONIC.

WOOL.

The Boston Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co. says of the Wool market: The transactions in wool the past week have been quite numerous, the purchases generally having been confined to small lots, but the aggregate sales amount to 1,938,300 lbs, and include all grades and qualities. Manufacturers are evipently purchasing cautiously and only as their wants require, and the trade is in the same unsatisfactory state noticed in previous reports, although prices indicato no material change from last week. This continued depression is attributed in a great degree to the very unsatisfactory state of the market for woolens. Goods still move off slowly at very low prices, and we can scarcely look for any favorable change in wool until the demand for goods improves.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania X, XX and No. 1, 38@47c; Michigan X and No. 1, 38@44c; combing and delaine, 35@47c; Territory, 18@37c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 18@31c; California spring, 25@30c; California fall, 22@24c; super and X pulled, 27½@32½c; scoured, 30@74c; noils, 45c.

LUMBER.

There was a very good trade in lumber dualng the week at all distributive points. The movement to the interior is yet retarded by bad roads. Dealers have difficulty in receiving supplies, the number of cars being less than requirements.

COAL.

The demand for coal while not urgent, is sufficiently large to make the sales aggregate well. There was a stoppage of operations three days within the week at the anthracite mines, to equalize supply and consumptive requirements. Prices unchanged.

TOBACCO.

For Western leaf there is a steady inquiry for export, and prices are firm. Seedleaf is selling well. Western leaf—lugs, light, 4@5½c; heavy, 5@6½c; common leaf, light, 5½@6½c; heavy, 6@7¼; Medium leaf, light, 7@8½c; heavy, 7½@9½c; Good leaf, light, 8½@10c; heavy, 9½@12c; Fine leaf, light, 9½@11c; heavy, 11@12c; selections, light, 12@13½c; heavy, 1c@14c. Seedleaf, crop of 1879—New England, Havana seed, 18@25; common wrappers, 13@15c; medium do., 16@20; fine do., 25@33c; selections, do., 37½@45c. Pennsylvania—assorted lots, low, 11@13c; do. fair, 14@18c; do. fine, 21@25c; wrappers, 18@45c; fillers, 6@7½c. Ohio—assorted lots, 7@10c; wrappers, 12@18c. Wisconsin—assorted lots 6@9c; Havana seed, 14@18c; wrappers, 10@15c.

The BLADE'S telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the markets, is as follows:

LONDON, April 19.—The Mark Lane Express says: The genial weather has been decidedly beneficial and the wheat plant is now in a very satisfactory condition, though backward. Business was very small, owing to the holidays. Country markets were somewhat firmer than those of London and Liverpool, where, owing to the influx of foreign wheat, prices generally declined on Monday 6d@1s., except for very best qualities of English wheat, and has since retained about the same level. In consequence of a change of wind 50 wheat-laden vessels have arrived off coast in the six days ending Thursday. Of these not a single sale was reported up to that date. Sellers demand about 40s. for American red winter, and buyers appear only willing to pay about 47s.6d. There is a slow consumptive demand for flour at prices favoring buyers. The off coast market is becoming tolerably well supplied. Maize, which was quiet in all positions for mixed American, is now quoted at 26s.6d. ex-ship, in London, which is 3d reduction since Monday. Barley very quiet. Oats steady. Sales of English wheat for the week, 31,301 qrs., at 44s 9d per qr., against 27,826 qrs. at 47s 11d per qr. for the corresponding week last year.

The weather of the past week was not of a kind to cause a rapid growth of the winter wheat plant; nevertheless, the atmosphere was considerably milder than during the preceding week, and the growing wheat has made fair progress, developing itself in localities where it was reported badly winter-killed. Three weeks ago the special crop reporters, who ride rapidly along, snugly situated in a smoking car, with a generous Havana seed in their mouths, gave their opinions vent through the press that in large areas in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, where Fall wheat was sown, there were no signs of life in the plant—that it looked gloomy indeed, and the farmers were very much dispirited. One of these "infallible" gentlemen said "discouragement was depicted on every face." But experienced grain men gave but little credence to such reports, as they know that for 20 years past each Spring the wildest and most untrustworthy reports have set afloat, declaring the wheat crop ruined, and that, as a usual thing, half a crop was all that could reas onably be anticipated. Last Spring it seemed that there could be no possible cause for complaint at the outlook, but it will be remembered that the cry was raised, and believed by many, that the growing wheat was too rank—that it would choke up and the ears could not reach full development. But such judgment proved at fault. Nature worked the problem out most satisfactorily, and so it is with the present Spring; nature is working out gratifying results where but a brief fortnight since the conditions reached by observation in the West were not of the most hopeful nature. Less gloomy forebodings have been received from various parts of the Winter wheat belt within the week just closed, and while in certain localities the wheat fields look unpromising and the plant has suffered, each succeeding day a more cheering prospect is presented. Winter whe